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HIGH AWARDED IN THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION,
JAMAICA, 1861.

ENAMEL.

ONE PENNY. [Registered at the
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THIRD EDITION.
"THE PEOPLE" OFFICE.
Saturday Evening.

LATEST TELEGRAMS.

(REUTER'S TELEGRAMS.)

CLAIMS UPON CHILI.

PARIS, October 17.—Senior Matte, the Chilean Minister, in an interview with a representative of the *Voltaire*, is represented to have given a positive denial to the report that the Chilean Government would be unable to offer any acceptable terms in settlement of the indemnity claimed by the foreign Powers in consequence of loss sustained by them during the recent war. Every satisfaction, he declared, would be given to the claims put forward, but these would not amount to the fantastic figure which had been mentioned. The Chilean Government added the Minister, would be definitely constituted on the 18th prox., and Chili would make it a point of honour to fulfil all her obligations.

AMERICAN SAILORS KILLED AT VALPARAISO.

NEW YORK, October 17.—The *Herald* has received a telegram from Valparaiso of yesterday's date stating that three or four sailors belonging to the crew of the United States warship Baltimore, were killed and several others wounded in a street fight with Chilean sailors. Several of the latter were severely hurt, but as far as had been ascertained none were killed. It was thought that the bitter feeling entertained by the Chileans against the Americans was the cause of the fight.

PEACE IN CENTRAL AMERICA.

NEW YORK, October 17.—A despatch from Tegucigalpa, received by the *Herald*, states that a formal treaty of peace and amity between Honduras and Salvador has been signed.

THE DANGER OF WAR.

PARIS, October 16.—The *Figaro* states that Baron Blanc, the late Italian ambassador in Constantinople, on arriving in Rome from the Turkish capital, declared in an interview with his correspondent, that he deplored the extension of French and English influence in the east, and that he would have liked to see Italian influence supported by Great Britain and Germany, substituted for it. The abandonment of the Italian schools was particularly to be regretted. The baron is further stated to have declared that he saw no danger in the Balkans for the time being, and he did not anticipate an outbreak of war in connection with the eastern question. On the other hand danger might arise from the Russian advance in Central Asia. "But," he added, "it is Armenia which will bring war, and this eventuality is imminent."

THE DISCOVERY OF DYNAMITE AT REICHENBERG.

VIENNA, October 16.—With regard to the fresh discovery of explosives at Reichenberg, it appears that an iron vessel, containing loose dynamite cartridges, gunpowder fuses, and a dynamite bomb with fuse attached, was found yesterday by a cowherd in the framework of a bridge at that place. All the material had evidently been prepared some considerable time, and there is no doubt that it had been concealed on the spot where it was found made by the police since the recent railway visits

to the howards.

RENEWED DISORDER.

WASHERSTON, October 15.—This afternoon's session of the Methodist (Ecumenical) Conference was marked by a most extraordinary scene, caused by the refusal of Mr. Farmer Atkinson to retract some remarks which gave offence to the Primitive Methodist delegates. The member for Boston, instead of withdrawing the words complained of, used expressions which still further increased the indignation of the Primitive Methodists, and a scene of such tumult and confusion ensued that the chairman, desirous of restoring order, declared the session closed. In the evening the trustees of the American University held a reception at the Arlington Hotel to the delegates of the conference. Bishop Hunt, his wife, and other persons received the guests. Addresses were delivered by the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, Dr. Stephenson, and Bishops Bowman, Hurst, and Newman.

DEPARTURE OF THE NEW SOUTH WALES GOVERNMENT.

SYDNEY, October 16.—The Government have not with a severe rebuff in the Legislative Assembly. A motion was brought forward that the Government Bill to regulate coal mining and amend the mining law should be referred back to the committee in order that the eight hours' provision should be eliminated. The Government proposed that the debate should be postponed, but this was rejected by 49 against 41 votes. On the motion of Sir Harry Parkes, the Premier, the House adjourned. It is understood that the Cabinet will tender their resignation to the governor to-morrow.

The Times' Melbourne correspondent telegraphs:—"Sir H. Parkes's Ministry have decided to resign."

ENGLAND AND THE DARDANELLES.

(EXCHANGE COMPANY'S TELEGRAM.)

PARIS, October 17.—The Memorial Diplomatic says that the importance of the English Note to Turkey concerning the Dardanelles has been greatly exaggerated. England did not for certain reasons, of a nature to infringe the Berlin Treaty, but only insisted that her new merchantmen, which are so constructed as to be easily transformed into warships, should be allowed free passage like those of Russia. It is stated that Turkey has formally consented to this demand on the part of England.

(DALEHL'S TELEGRAM.)

PLOT AGAINST THE CZAR.

ARREST OF 500 STUDENTS.

CRACOW, October 15.—The Polish newspaper correspondent, decided to make strict inquiry into the allegation that certain letters passing between Mr. De Cobain, M.P., and his solicitor had been tampered with in transit. At his request all documents bearing upon the subject have been forwarded to London. A telegram published in Belfast from London states that Mr. De Cobain is very ill in health. A fortnight ago he was in such a critical state that some of his friends were summoned from England.

EXPECTED MINISTERIAL CRISIS IN FRANCE.

PARIS, October 16.—The *Advertiser* says:—"It is all very well for the official papers to say that there will be no ministerial crisis. Every one for himself appears to be the

The People.

A Weekly Newspaper for All Classes.

LONDON, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1891.

MILFORD LANE } STRAND.—No. 523

THE STRAND ELECTION.

MR. F. SMITH ACCEPTS THE CANDIDATURE.

On Thursday a deputation waited upon Mr. W. F. Smith at Grosvenor-place, to formally invite his acceptance of the candidature.—Mr. Murdoch, M.P., introduced the deputation, and dwelt upon the remarkable unanimity among the party in consenting to stand. Mr. Smith said he felt honoured by the spontaneity of the request, and the great compliment that had been paid him, but his pleasure in accepting the candidature was enhanced by the consciousness that it was intended as a mark of esteem and respect for his lamented father.

The arrangements for the campaign are to be pushed vigorously forward, under the able superintendence of Mr. T. Lennox Irwin, the Conservative agent.

MEETING OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL.

A largely attended meeting of the general Council was held on Wednesday night at the Town Hall, St. Martin's-place. The Hon. H. D. Ryder presided, and among those present were Sir A. K. Rollit, Mr. C. T. Murdoch, Sir Augustus Harris, General Baumgartner, Captain Armstrong, Mr. A. G. Marten, Q.C.; Messrs. Burroughs, Isaacson, Emden, Laing, E. Terry, A. Gatti, S. Gatti, H. Twining, C. Awdry, W. T. Madge, and Mr. T. Lennox Irwin, secretary. The following resolution was carried unanimously:—

The general council of the Conservative Association, representing, as it does, the Strand constituency, hereby records its deep sense of the irreparable loss the constituency, the Conservative party, and the constituency have sustained by the death of the Right Hon. W. H. Smith, First Lord of the Treasury. Working with single-mindedness of purpose and with unwavering devotion to duty, sacrificing first his health and then his life in the service of his Queen and country, the council feel that her Majesty's Government have lost a wise and experienced councillor, the country a statesmanlike and patriotic servant, and the constituency one of the ablest, purest-minded, and most honourable of representatives.

It was further resolved that this resolution should be conveyed to Mrs. W. H. Smith and her family, with the respectful and mournful sympathy of the whole Strand borough.—Mr. Irwin then read the names of the following gentlemen who expressed their willingness to stand:—Sir Augustus Harris, Major Probyn, Mr. Germaine (late Conservative candidate at Northampton), and Mr. W. F. D. Smith. Mr. Germaine had written withdrawing his nomination in favour of Mr. W. F. D. Smith, and Sir Augustus Harris informed the meeting that he would gladly stand aside for the son of their late member. This statement was received with applause, and on the motion of Mr. Murdoch, seconded by Mr. Marten, it was unanimously resolved:—"That Mr. W. F. D. Smith be asked to stand as the Conservative candidate for the Strand Borough, and that a deputation wait upon him to-morrow morning conveying the request of the meeting." The following gentlemen were appointed to form the deputation:—Mr. Murdoch, Sir Augustus Harris, Mr. J. S. Burroughs, Mr. H. Twining, Mr. Laing, and Mr. Emden.

The proceedings terminated with a vote of thanks to the chairman.—The Liberal and Radical Committee met on Wednesday evening, and, in concert with Mr. J. Kenwick Seager and Mr. C. J. Munich, made the preliminary arrangements for a contest, with Dr. Gutteridge as a candidate. A large number of gentlemen, who had volunteered their services for canvassing purposes, were in attendance.

MR. SMITH'S ADDRESS.

In his address Mr. Smith announces that he comes forward in compliance with an invitation from the Conservative and Unionist party in the borough. He is deeply sensible of the honour done him, and cannot but feel that it is due entirely to the fact that his father for nearly a quarter of a century represented Westminster and the Strand in Parliament. Mr. Smith promises that it shall be his ambition to follow closely in his father's footsteps, both in imperial and local affairs. He is sincerely convinced that the interests of the country will be best served by the continuance of her Majesty's Government in office, and after praising their policy he concludes as follows:—"On questions specially affecting the inhabitants of London, and the Strand Borough in particular, I shall be prepared to consider impartially all proposals, such as those connected with public improvements, and to deal with them solely with reference to their effect upon the health and comfort of the people." We understand that a series of meetings in support of Mr. Smith's candidature will be held next week.

The date of nomination will most probably be Friday the 23rd, and the polling day Tuesday the 27th inst.

CENTRAL CRIMINAL COURT.

The business of the Central Criminal Court, which commences on Monday, will be of a heavier character than was expected, having regard to the brief interval since the adjournment. At present there are some 100 prisoners for trial, but this number will be considerably increased by the time the calendar is completed, but of eight cases which involve a question as to the loss of human life through the alleged commission of crime, seven are charged with manslaughter. The only murder case is that known as the Westbourne Park mystery, which stirs up from the last session. In addition to two very serious cases of demanding money with menaces, there are two charges of attempted murder, and one against two foreigners of being in the unlawful possession of implements for the supposed purpose of manufacturing gunpowder. The defendants on the trial are Sir J. C. Lawrence, Sir W. Ellis, Sir F. De Keyser, Alderman Cowen, Alderman Wilkin, and Alderman Moore.

MR. DE COBAIN.

The Postmaster-general has, a Belfast correspondent, decided to make strict inquiry into the allegation that certain letters passing between Mr. De Cobain, M.P., and his solicitor had been tampered with in transit. At his request all documents bearing upon the subject have been forwarded to London. A telegram published in Belfast from London states that Mr. De Cobain is very ill in health. A fortnight ago he was in such a critical state that some of his friends were summoned from England.

POLLING DAY FIXED.

Friday, the 23rd inst., has been fixed for the nomination of candidates, and Tuesday, the 27th, for the polling. There are 11,000 Parliamentary voters in the borough. The Conservative committee rooms, so far arranged, are as follows:—Central and St. Martin's, 488, Strand; St. Clement's, St. Mary's, Savoy, and the Liberty of the

Rolls, 40, Norfolk-street; St. Paul's, 31, Southampton-street; St. Anne's, 31, Soho-square; and St. James's, Golden square, 10, Sherwood-street. A meeting of the Wimborne Habitation of the boroughs of St. George's and the Strand, was held on Thursday night, Mr. Walter Emden, the deputy ruling councillor, in the chair, when it was resolved to render every assistance to the Conservative Association to triumphantly return Mr. F. Smith, and the secretary was instructed to prepare and forward at once a list of canvassors to Mr. Lennox Irwin, the Conservative agent. Dr. Gutteridge (G.) issued his address on Thursday evening. His first public meeting will be held on Monday, the principal speaker being Mr. Summers, M.P.

OFFICES OF ASSISTANCE.

The greatest enthusiasm is being evinced in connection with the preparations for the election. Numerous offers of assistance have been received by the Conservative committee. The speech making is expected to begin on Tuesday, but it is probable that Mr. Smith himself will not speak until Thursday, when there will be an important muster of his supporters at the new town-hall, St. Martin's-in-the-fields. Active canvassing will be commenced at the beginning of next week.

SOURCE MORGAN.—The Unionists are now

getting their organisation into working order, and their candidate, Mr. C. W. Butler, has met with considerable encouragement in the districts he has visited. On Thursday night he held a very successful meeting at Shobrooke, a purely agricultural district, where he was supported by Sir John Shelley and Mr. V. Hussey Walsh, of the Irish Unionist Alliance. An almost unanimous vote was given in his favour. During the contest the Unionists will have the aid of Sir Edward Clarke, Mr. Ashmead-Barrett, and others.

Cong.—The Dublin *Express* Cork correspondent states that no candidate has yet been selected by the federation for Cork, but that a deputation of Parlementaires left that city for Dublin on Thursday to ask the Lord Mayor to stand, and that it is rumoured that Alderman Scott, of Cork, will contest the seat in the Unionist interest.

KILKENNY (NORTH).—Friday night's *Gazette* contains the Speaker's notice of his intention to issue, at the end of six days, the new writ occasioned by the death of Sir John Pope Hennessy.

NEWINGTON.—Mr. Radcliffe Cooke (C.) having intimated his intention not to seek re-election, Mr. G. W. Tallents shortly to address the electors.

FLINT.—Despite the recent contradiction, Mr. J. Roberts (G.) on Thursday informed the local Gladstonite association that he should not seek re-election. Mr. Edmund Knowles Muspratt, Mr. John Herbert Lewis, and Mr. Herbert Hobart, son of the retiring member, are candidates. Mr. Phillip Pennant will contest the seat as a Conservative.

WEST RIDING, N. (Shipley).—Mr. A. E. Hutton (G.) will oppose Sir M. W. Wilson.

WILTS, N. (Cricklade).—Mr. J. H. Husbands (G.) of Wapping, is to address the electors with a view to his candidature in opposition to Mr. Story-Maskelyne (U.).

PAULSGATE (West).—Mr. Alexander Stuart (G.), of Fiddel Braco, will be invited to oppose Sir Donald Currie (U.).

MEMORIAL TO MR. W. H. SMITH.

At a meeting of the St. Martin's Vestry it was resolved to form a committee for the

purposes of inviting the constituents of the

Strand to subscribe to the erection of a bust or memorial window to the memory of the late Mr. W. H. Smith.

LEADERSHIP OF THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

MR. BALFOUR SELECTED.

Though not yet officially announced, it is understood that the leadership of the House of Commons has been offered to Mr. Balfour, and that he will accept it, together with the First Lordship of the Treasury. The appointment will not render vacant his seat for East Manchester, as Mr. Balfour already holds office under the Crown. Lord Salisbury, immediately upon his arrival in England, communicated with Mr. Aker-Douglas, chief Conservative whip.

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First Lordship of the Treasury.

ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.
NORTH COUNTRY SKETCHES.
BY
P. ANDERSON GRAHAM.

AT THE BLACK DOG.

Whoever has made a walking tour has had some such experience as the following. As in response to many knockings on the part of "Johnny, the boot, or "Susan," the chambermaid, we at last emerge from the blankets about two hours later than the heroic period fixed for a start, a little spear of sunlight piercing the curtains proclaims a glorious morning. While the process of ablation goes on, however, the bones, still a little weary from yesterday's journey, plead in favour either of a day's rest or a train. "How awfully heavy that knapsack turned at dusk," they seem to say; "What a nuisance it is to carry mactintosh." But gradually during the course of a comfortable breakfast courage revives. Out at the window the grass is bright and wet with dew, the green pines shine sleepily on the hillside, the purple mountain actually smiles in sunlight. Then comes a happy thought. By the map there are twenty miles to be tramped to the next decent hostelry; why not send everything—bac, knapsack, wrap—all on by rail, and perform the march in freedom from impediments with no luggage except a tobacco pouch and a walking-stick? Splendid idea! In a jiffy the whole of our belongings are tumbled into the rickety bus that goes to the station, and, with the perfume of that first and most delicious after-breakfast cigar wreathing like cloudy incense in the morning air, off we go along the hill bridle-path, our only companion, perhaps, a little terrier, who, by his barking and friskiness, seems to show that he, too, is drunk with the gladness of morning. For a while all goes as merry as a marriage bell. Now there is a stop to admire the kestrel, that, poised motionless between russet heath and blue sky, is preparing to pounce down on some thoughtless field-mouse grubbing about for its dinner; now to laugh at stiff little Dandie's indignation as the tiniest rabbit outruns him; now to give the "So-ho" to a mountan hare, that, dreaming of gun or greyhound, scuds up the hill side like mad; now, a gallant stag, roused in some ferny brake, springs off like the wind as we give him a shout, and the little dog barks as hoarsely as a hound. Then we rest awhile among the birches, or follow a foaming little brook, or watch an adder worming off through the heath, and till the comfort of that substantial breakfast wears away the miles that lie in front are forgotten. So also has the British climate. Between the sun and us a thick black cloud has drifted unnoticed till its shadow fell like a pall on the landscape. A wind has risen, a clap of thunder is heard, and down in a torrent pours the rain. Under a mountain oak shelter is obtained from the first terrible rush, but the heavy drops soon work their way through it, and, whether he like it or not, the "drookit" traveller, soon wet to the very skin, must trudge onward, along hill sides down which the water thunders in cataracts, across streams that have almost instantaneously developed into great turbulent rivers. To make confusion worse confounded the road is completely lost. Miles and miles are tramped. Not a soul is visible, and dusk is coming on, when, welcome sight! there comes in view a cluster of thatched houses in a lonely glen. Above one is a square weather-beaten signboard, on which are certain half-obliterated characters proclaiming that it is the Black Dog, the tenant of which is licensed to sell porter, beer, and British spirits.

Never was green oasis more welcome to Arab of the desert. But the old beldame who keeps it is in no haste to extend the courteous and pleasant greeting the traveller would expect at a more fashionable hostelry. Indeed, the odour of stale tobacco, the fumes of yesterday's drink, the dirty sanded floor, and filthy spittoons, make you ask, instead of refreshment, how far it is to your destination. "Ten miles across the hills, fifteen by the road," is an answer that decides a hungry and tired man to camp on the spot. It requires both bribery and corruption, however, to procure a bed, and even then it will not be ready for hours. As to your clothes, you may sit on the long settle by the fire till they are dry. For food there are oat cakes and fresh eggs and fiery salt bacon, and "just anything else the gentleman may be pleased to order," which means nothing else whatever. But hunger and high spirits and fresh air are excellent solaces, and he has no business to go from home who is not prepared to take the rough with the smooth. After stumping yourself with more ham and egg and bannock than you would like your friends to know about, while the steam is rising in clouds from coat and trousers, you are surprised to find yourself humming an old tune in sheer happiness, as you call the slatternly serving wench and prepare to sample the drinkables of a village inn, lighting your pipe as you do, and thanking God that you never forgot your tobacco-pouch. There is a long evening ahead and nothing to beguile the time except such amusement as is to be involved from your inner consciousness. Not a line of print is there to read except the signboard and a legend above the mantelpiece signifying that Mr. Trust who kept this house for many a year is dead. The business now is carried on by Ready Cash instead.

Two Highland wastrels, very duddy and very drunk, who probably have been hanging about the place all day, apparently think the morality of the verse a very stern one, for it has taken them half an hour to fish up from their ragged pockets the price of the pint from which each takes a swig, and then, pushing it towards the traveller, ask "If the shentlemen will taste with us?" And, as the landlady persuades them to go off home, it gradually dawns upon your mind that probably if you sit quietly in theingle nook and smoke your pipe, you may get as much diversion here as out of any realistic romance ever written. Who is there who at times has not found it amusing to turn over the leaves of an old play-book and read here a line and there a scene, never troubling to go through an act, far less a play? Well, the whole world is but

a play-book, and the passing colloquies heard at the tavern are but pages from tragedy and comedy that in remote villages are being played out with as much pain and suffering and laughter as if they were in a great town.

For a long time things are very quiet. A farmer comes in with a drover—the two evidently intent upon a deal in sheep, and each is so anxious to soften the other's heart with drink that he forgets how it is affecting himself, and, both getting a little jolly, come to terms fully an hour earlier than they reckoned on. Driven from their work by the rain, a couple of labourers come in, and from the lordly way in which they order their "gill," you guess that they have come on a windfall. From their conversation it is soon apparent that for catching a lady's horse that was frightened by the storm a dozen of five shillings had been given them. It is a comedy in itself to watch the very opposite effects produced by drink. They sink in quietly and shamefacedly, as if afraid the wife or the minister may catch them. One, however, seems to be rendered jovial by the very small of the public-house; he talks and laughs and jokes with his companion as if he were already three sheets in the wind. But Number Two is a stolid and taciturn peasant. Without a word and without a smile, with, indeed, an air of condescension—he hearkens to his companion's flippancy, till one thinks he is proof against intoxicants. Not so. Quite suddenly his eyes begin to roll, his solemn features relax into the equivalent of a smile, and, speaking like an oracle, "I'm a queer pup, I is," he says, and everybody knows he is drunk. By a sort of inspiration the news flies through the clachan, and the thirstiest and most comical soul in it drops into the Black Dog to make a night out of it. The fun grows fast and furious. A musical cobbler shakes the rafters with "Wha the devil had we got for a king?" and a clever tailor makes them laugh, as they have laughed a million times before, while he shows his celebrated trick, hunting the bee. He goes humming about the room exactly like one of those stinging insects, and with his red pocket-handkerchief now catches it on the wall, now closes it in a glass, and anon shuts it in a bottle. From the serving maid he gets a hearty slap for making believe to catch it on her cheek, and in his ecstasy nearly ventures to try the same joke on the landlady. As long as the money lasts there is still another and another, till various members of the company begin to have it borne in upon them that it is safer to keep one's seat than to attempt to cross the room.

How a company like this treats a stranger seems to depend mostly on the whim or caprice of the moment. I remember once, when I was precisely in the position described, witnessing a very curious illustration of country manners. Just in the height of their merriment enter the oddest-looking little tramp you could fancy. Though his wet clothes were threadbare and ragged, there still was in the way in which they were worn a suggestion of neatness and cleanliness that belonged to the owner's slight figure more than to them. As he called in a tone that was almost apologetic for half a pint of beer, and crept into the darkest corner, he looked the very picture of abject dejection. Evidently the yokels thought him an excellent subject for their rudest jests. No sooner was the little pewter mug with its foaming contents placed before him than two of them, pretending to lark and wrestle, upset the contents on the floor. You may easily imagine how the wet and hungry little tramp liked this, and I waited with curiosity to see what he would do. Outwardly he did not seem in the slightest degree disturbed, but when he spoke, though the tone was still as humble and quiet as before, it seemed to me that his voice vibrated with a suppressed energy and determination that boded well for his tormentors. "Mates," he said, "I've walked forty miles to-day without the time of eating or drinking, and I thought as I could have beer for my money in a Scotch pub the same as an English one. Well, I've only the three ha'pence left as I meant to get a bit o' chuck with. Give us another glass o' beer will you, miss?" Now, I puts this 'ere bear down on this 'ere table, and I'd like to see any one else try to touch it." Therewith the miser-able creature dumped his unsuntasted glass down on the middle of the table and fell back into his corner. Most of them were for letting him alone, but the big butcher lad, who had instigated the first onset, out of bravado knocked the glass over in front of the owner's eyes. It meant a fight of course, and as the storm had gone and a full moon was shining, there was a general adjournment to a patch of heath near by. The odds certainly looked greatly in favour of the strong heavy rustic, who besides was known as a capital boxer, but when the tramp took his coat off he did not seem at all an opponent to be despised, for his frame was as symmetrical as a Greek statue and his limbs all nerve and muscle. In the very first round the skill and agility with which he escaped the downward sledge-hammer blows of the other, and the cleverness with which he took advantage of every opening, proved his complete superiority at the game, and in the next, when the butcher boy was wounded, he punished him so frightfully that his companions had to interfere. But they did so with great respect to the tramp. This is the island of ours a display of pluck is a sure title to honour, and before that tramp walked on his way again, making for who knows where, he was studded with meat and cake and beer to an extent that probably reminded him of the hearty dinners of infancy, for even the bully testified his appreciation of the visitor by presenting him with a handsome collop.

A CRUEL ASSAULT.

At the Malling (Kent) Police Court, William Goodayle, a fruiterer, of Ryarsh, was convicted of an extraordinarily brutal assault, as the magistrates themselves described it, on a girl named Green, aged 7 years. The child, it appeared, entered defendant's plantation and picked up two or three plums. Goodayle, who witnessed the theft, knocked the child down, then tied her to a tree, and allowed his dog to worry her for nearly half an hour. Notwithstanding the mother's entreaties Goodayle declined to release the girl, who, it is thought, may lose her reason as the result of the fright. The bench fined defendant 4s, and told him that but for his previous good character they would have sent him to prison without the option of a fine.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Thought every care will be taken to ensure the accuracy of copies, the editor cannot accept any responsibility for accidental errors. Questions relating to the law and the law courts, and to the law of evidence, may be referred to Mr. Justice Green, M.A., an attorney, by a stamped addressed envelope, and a small fee will be charged for the service. Correspondents who need to be anonymous may be referred to Mr. Justice Green, M.A., an attorney, in accordance with their needs; the editor, in order to facilitate classification.

LEGAL.

G. LAWRENCE.—Notice should be given; there may be some local bye-laws to the contrary.

H. S. T.—Leave matters as they are; the appointment of an additional trustee would involve a legal expense.

BRUNSWICK.—1. You appear to have a good case for breach of contract. 2. To the amount of any loss directly or indirectly incurred.

SAVINGS BANK.—You must endeavour to obtain proof that he had an account at the bank, or that he had a balance in it.

A. B. SMITH.—The principal seems to be to prove that the credit balance without saying anything about it.

G. C. Y.—You are wrong; a week's domestic service includes Sunday.

W. A. DELAIVE.—You must comply with the regulations of the bank.

W. H. COOPER.—You may try changing the place; there is a great difference in the cost of living in different parts of the country.

A. BISCHOFER.—You must apply to the magistrate.

SLEGAY.—Quite legal, and also for fire insurance.

A. W. COOPER.—1. To the next of kin and heir at law, wherever they may be when he dies. 2. He can leave every farthing as he pleases. 3. Not if he insists on living separately.

VENI, VIDI, VICI.—1. No. 2. No. 3. No. 4. X.

X.—Sell the things and keep an account of A. WEEKLY SUBSCRIPTION.—No; it was purely an accident.

MORHEN.—If you can prove that the man debased the gold by alloy, you have a good case for damages. But it might be very difficult to prove.

LINCOLNSHIRE.—Take counsel's opinion; it is far too intricate a matter to be dealt with here.

T. BELL.—It depends upon circumstances. There is no time limit.

T. B. C.—No; they had no right to place upon the door.

T. W. P.—Very doubtful; we should not recommend you to go to law.

D. T. D.—It can afford convincing proof of the alleged alibi, you will gain the day.

LOTUS TOUJOURS.—1. Yes. 2. Yes. 3. No.

W. B.—It was entirely your own fault. The author and publisher have acted strictly within their legal rights.

CAMEL.—We do not give opinions on legal documents.

FAIR PLAY.—1. No. 2. Yes, and the return of the premium as well.

S. S.—S. S.—We are not concerned with the interest on your notes after deducting the interest on the mortgage.

W. G. K.—It depends upon the conditions of the hiring.

EPINGHAM-STREET.—(no signature).—Quite legal.

J. K. X.—No; the will would be invalid.

PERPLEXED READER.—There is no remedy.

CONSTANT READER.—You must give some further signature. This reply is addressed to five correspondents who consult us upon widely different subjects.

IN TROUBLE.—Certainly not; the husband has a perfect right to provide a home for his wife.

J. R.—It was done for a fraudulent purpose, of course they acted wrongly.

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(ALL RIGHTS RESERVED.)

THE DUCHESS OF POWYSLAND.

BY
GRANT ALLEN.

CHAPTER XLIII.

MORUS OPERANDI.

To Douglas Harrison and Basil MacLaine those weeks of waiting for Linda's trial had been very painful. Even the honour of having his name mixed up with a duchess's in an aristocratic scandal of the first water hardly made up to Basil for the horror and awe of that appalling outlook if Linda were to be found guilty. Indeed, a certain fascinating fear gave him a deeper sense of personal connection with the Belgrave mystery than even the circumstances of the case themselves warranted. Except for the imprudence of his frequent calls at Onslow Gardens—an imprudence of which any honourable man might easily have been guilty—Basil had nothing with which to blame himself—in the more recent developments of this affair, at least. It was not his fault if the duke was jealous. It was not his fault if his going-out and coming-in had been watched by detectives, and his visits to Onslow Gardens all numbered and docketed. Personal vanity, however, suggested to Basil an explanation of the facts at which everybody else had jumped long since from pure love of scandal, but from which his own knowledge of Linda's character and motives might surely have saved him at least of all men. It was clear somebody must have poisoned him. Basil half inclined to the startling conclusion that Linda, still desperately in love with him, had determined to get rid of her unconsensual husband in order to marry her old lover. That was everybody else's conclusion in all England, of course—but to Basil it naturally came with a good deal of difference.

For, however much flattered a man may feel by a duchess preferring him to her own wedded duke, he must yet be considerably perturbed in soul by the belief that she has committed a gratuitous murder in order to give full play to her abstract preference. The episode, to put it on no higher ground, makes him naturally nervous. Conscious as Basil was of the perfect innocence of his own relations with Linda, he couldn't help seeing that other people would almost necessarily put a different interpretation on the facts before them, and would therefore believe him, morally or actually, an accessory before the fact to the duke's murder. He was too well acquainted with the psychology of Clubland not to know how Clubland would view his conduct. This feeling alone, therefore, would have served to make Basil's position an extremely uncomfortable one; and when there was added to it the probability of Linda's being found guilty, and the possibility of his being compelled to stand in the dock by her side, it is no wonder that Basil MacLaine lay low as much as practicable during those unhappy days, and that a medical certificate amply excused him, on the ground of "nervous prostration," from attendance at the Board of Trade in Whitehall.

Indeed, in the world at large, very few comments were expressed by high and low upon Basil's position. Some people said the fellow ought to be tried with his poor duke, the duchess. Some people said MacLaine was always a calculating bore that no doubt he'd managed me cleverly to keep out of all compromising matters. And some people said he'd behaved like a cur in encouraging the duchess to poison her husband, and then leave her alone—a woman as she was to bear the brunt of that terrible accusation. A man of any spirit, a man of any honour, a man of any manliness, who had confessed at once, whether he did it or not, would have taken the guilt upon his own shoulders gladly, and upon the lady from the disgrace and odium of such a crucial charge, at all hazards.

Everybody felt that to desert the woman with whom he had stood in such tender relations at such a moment was a stain upon his manhood never to be forgotten. But nobody debated whether Basil had known anything about it at all. Nobody disputed whether Linda was in love with Basil or not. The whole world took it for granted, with easy cynicism, that Linda had poisoned her husband for Basil's sake, and that Basil had either a guilty knowledge of her design, or else sheltered himself behind a still more guilty and disgraceful ignorance.

So Basil remained at home in a most unhappy state of mental perturbation, while the quidnuncs of Clubland, taking up a now parable, railed against him to their heart's content as an unmanly wretch who deserted and betrayed in her hour of need the woman he had raised.

As for Douglas Harrison, all these foolish cynics fell flat for him upon deaf ears. He had but one thought, and that was for Linda. How the world could so misjudge his spotless,ainless queen among women, was to him incomprehensible. He had none of the base doubts that maled Basil MacLaine.

With a certainty far deeper than any mere collocation of circumstantial fact could avail to shake, he knew she was herself, he knew she was innocent. All he could do was to wonder blindly how on earth such a mass of damning coincidences could by pure chance have arrayed themselves in serried phalanx against her. But was it pure chance? Thinking it over perpetually in his own mind by the light of his psychological knowledge of human nature, a Theory of the murder began slowly to frame itself piecemeal in his brain by gradual stages. Bit by bit, the Theory grew and took definite shape; till long before the day of the trial itself arrived the solution stood out clearly before his mind's eye, a consistent whole and a palpable reality.

He had reasoned out to himself the actual truth as to who had poisoned the Duke of Powysland.

But how to make use of his idea in Linda's defence—that was the difficulty. He couldn't induce Linda's lawyers to see the matter in the same light as himself; he was very much afraid—hard-headed, unimpassioned people, your great London solicitors like Walberswick and Garrard, or your eminent Q.C.'s like Mr. Mitchell Hanbury! If it rested with them alone, Linda's character would never be cleared—for that to Douglas Harrison as to Linda herself, was the chief thing at stake in the approaching

trial. Sensitive and shrinking as he was by nature, it wasn't the awful consequences of an adverse verdict he thought about most; it was the indeleble stain of such a hideous accusation. He wanted to save Linda from death, of course; but he wanted far more stoutly to save her from dis-honour.

The lawyers, he knew, would never trouble their heads about trifles like that. If only they could secure an acquittal for their client by hook or by crook, on the mere legal quibble or technical uncertainty, their professional instinct would be amply satisfied. "The benefit of the doubt" would suffice for their need. Enough for them if they could show an absence of reasonable proof that it must have been Linda, and nobody else on earth, who put the morphine "by handfulls" into the duke's barley-water. All they would aim at would be merely to damage the case for the Crown by suggesting this, that, or the other possible alternative, and asking the jury on such miserable grounds to acquit their client. But half measures like those would never satisfy Douglas Harrison. He wanted to prove Linda wholly innocent of the vile crime laid to her charge—innocent on all counts—an unfortunate wife, as pure as snow, and sinned against, not sinning, in all her relations with her dead husband.

Anything less than that, Douglas would not have cared to undertake. And to such a line of argument he felt sure in his own mind Linda's legal advisers would never commit themselves.

It was while things were standing in this condition that Douglas received one evening by the last post, with profound delight, Linda's letter from gaol asking him to accept the task of defending her.

For a moment stupefied him. He could hardly believe his eyes as he read and re-read half a dozen times over that most welcome letter. It was the very opportunity he had hoped and longed for. He could wish nothing better than to be permitted to defend Linda upon these very grounds—another life, but her honour and Linda, his Linda, the Linda he had always loved and worshipped with his whole heart and soul—why, Linda, as might be expected of her, took the very same view of the situation as he did. What she cared for was not that her neck should be spared, but that her innocence should be established before the observant eye of all England.

And yet, the difficulties in the way were almost insuperable!

It wasn't so much that Douglas himself had quite indirectly been mixed up in the affair. The mere fact that the detectives had kept watch upon his movements didn't in itself perhaps count for much. That was merely as Basil MacLaine's fellow-lodger, he believed—and what was more important, all the world thought the same about it—he did. MacLaine had been the one man whom everybody had talked about; handsome, pushing, a gossip, a lounging, much spread about in the world, eager of notoriety, he was the natural person for scandal to fasten upon, to the complete exclusion of poor humble-minded, shy, retiring Douglas, even if the duke's suspicions had not designated him at once as the other chief personage in that sombre tragedy. Douglas had no hesitation on that ground, any more than Linda herself. His very insignificance in the eyes of society had saved his name from being dragged into the forefront of the scandal.

But then he had to fight that terrible dragon of obstruction known to the inner circle as the Etiquette of the Profession. Every vacation in England keeps in stock among its joint properties one of these fearsome monsters of its own peculiar breed, and few outsiders can form any conception to themselves of the pains and penalties attached by the members to all attempts at disturbing or ignoring the case.

"Linda, Duchess of Powysland, do you plead guilty or not guilty to the wilful murder of your husband, Adalbert Owen Trefawd, Duke of Powysland?"

There was dead silence in court as Linda stood up and answered, in a very firm and unshaken voice, "Not guilty."

After the usual business of getting the court to work, Mr. Attorney-General, for the Crown, rose briskly to his feet and opened the case for the prosecution. Adjusting his wig and clearing his throat, Sir George ran briefly through the chief facts he proposed to prove, and the previous history of the personages to this high domestic tragedy. He was respectful to Linda, of course—professionally respectful; never for a moment did he forget the fact that the prisoner at the bar was Spanish duchess. But, none the less, he skinned lightly over the circumstances of her early history, her acquaintance with Basil MacLaine, her removal to America, her sudden accession to a dazzling and blinding fortune, her meeting with the duke—"the murdered man," as he often called him—and, last of all, her unexpected rise to the most exalted rank in the British peerage. Conspicuous fairness marked Sir George's allusions to her humble origin. There he detailed in a few words the beginning of the duke's suspicions as to her grace's relations with Mr. MacLaine, the hiring of the detective, the hurried trip to Norway, the return to London, the attack of fever, the strange symptoms that baffled the most experienced members of the faculty, the evidences of morphine poisoning, the duke's lethargic death, the analysis of the post mortem, the universal occurrence of the suspected drug in everything submitted to the noble and unfortunate patient. Further than that, Mr. Attorney said, he would not go at present. The circumstantial links connecting the duchess with this terrible crime would come out more fully during the examination of the witnesses. It would suffice for him just now to point out that he proposed to prove—first, an adequate motive; second, an opportunity; third, a long chain of concurrent testimony to the mode of administration; and, fourth, the dying man's own deliberate suspicion, as well as his evidence as to the duchess's action, given with almost his last breath to the physician in attendance. Their mode of proof would be strictly cumulative. He would call first—Sir Frederick Weston.

It seemed, too, to Basil MacLaine in his utter despatch. "If you should get her off, though, Harrison," he said, the night before the trial, as they sat together in the room at Clandon-street discussing the chances, "there'll

be only one course open both for her and me—I'll have to marry me."

And with that consolation he buoyed up his soul. They were playing at high stakes now, the duchess and he; but it would be a wonderful thing, if, after all, these strange events led to his silencing himself at last with the British peerage.

Douglas, however, only gazed at him fixedly with a stony stare, and answered, almost in indignation: "I don't want to 'get her off' at all, as you call it. I want to prove her innocence before the eyes of all England."

CHAPTER XLIV.

BEFORE TWELVE GOOD MEN AND JUDGES.

At last the great day of the trial arrived, and Linda found herself confronted once for all with that unspeakable accusation.

She had looked forward with infinite dread to the ordeal of her public appearance; but when the crucial moment actually arrived her nerves availed her far more than she could have imagined. As her need was, so was her strength also. But her need was great. As she entered the crowded court by a side door, in her deep mourning dress and her widow's bonnet, a buzz of voices, surging deep over the well, called attention to her entrance. Some scraps of comment that Linda caught as she passed sufficed to show her what she already knew indeed far too well—how generally the sense of the public was against her.

"Hush! Look there!" "That's her!" "There's the prisoner!" "Here she comes!" "That's the duchess!"

"Oh, doesn't she look handsome, too! Who'd thought she could 'a done it!"

"You wouldn't say by the look of 'er she was a murderer, would you?"

"Poor thing! Poor thing! And so young and pretty, too! Hers don't look like a neck for a rope! What a shame if they were to hang her!" Though to be sure, she poisoned him! This last from a woman.

Through an undercurrent of such anticipatory verdicts, overhead here and there above the buzz of voices, Linda moved on as in a dream, with stately dignity, to her place in the dock. Some good spirit befriended her. A chair had been placed for her by the courtesy of the court. She sat down on it without flinching, and gazed about her with the old frank and fearless manner, not bold or brazen, but upheld by an inner consciousness of innocence that disdained to simulate guilt by downcast eyes or pretended deference. She was there on trial for her life, she knew; but she had nothing to dread from the sternest justice; and if injustice must be wrought, she would take it smiling.

Her attitude evidently impressed the court. An approving hum went round through the dense mass of close-packed spectators. Whatever else she looked the prison was every inch a duchess.

She gazed around at the bench and took in the whole scene. An old, half-blind, and mumbly judge occupied the chief seat of British Thermes. Right and left sat a few of his friends who had come to hear the case on his introduction. Among the barristers, Linda's eye soon picked out the counsel for the Crown, the senior of whom she had met at Lady Albury's, and her own chosen advocate, sitting pale and anxious, but with vigilant resolution on his pallid and clear-cut countenance. The dowager duchess, her mother-in-law, in craps as deep as her own, gazed across at her from a seat near the bench with a stern look of embodied justice. She had prejudiced the case, of course, like everybody else, and saw in her daughter-in-law only her son's murderer. Other acquaintances not a few refused to meet her eye. When her glance lighted upon them they looked at their feet, or acknowledged her presence.

"You took away the medicine and the barley-water for analysis?"

"I did, and I analysed them, with Dr. Moreton's aid. Both contained large quantities of morphine. The barley-water alone contained enough of the opiate to kill three or four adults. It was perfectly saturated."

Many other details came out in further examination which equally astonished and horrified Linda. Bit by bit it dawned upon her, as the case went on, that Bertie himself had supplied the most killing evidence of all. She had to fight, not only against the strange concatenation of misleading circumstances, but also against the fact that the morphine had been administered in food and medicine given him by the duchess.

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OUR OMNIBUS. PIPER PAN.

The recent Promenade Concert season was the shortest in my remembrance, having lasted only four weeks. The absence of those "classical concerts," which for many years were given on Wednesdays, caused many music-lovers to stay away altogether, and no important novelties were introduced. It is, therefore, not surprising that concerts thus managed failed to attract, and I fear that they were a losing speculation.

Sir Augustus Harris, on the Tuesday following the opening performance of Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," will open an operatic season at Covent Garden. He has visited Paris in search of available opera-singers, and has engaged several French artists. To this there can be no objection, provided that French versions of popular operas are performed, and I shall await with interest the opening performance.

Unless French choristers as well as French principals are engaged, I fear there will be some difficulty as to the chorus-singing. The Royal Italian Opera choristers know by heart a number of operatic choruses, but have been accustomed to sing them in the Italian language.

At the close of the anniversary performance of "La Cigale," at the Lyric Theatre, a handsome silver dinner-service was presented to Mr. Horace Sedler, subscribed for by some 250 members of his staff at the Lyric Theatre and at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. Mr. Sedler is a model manager, enterprising, attentive to business, and gentlemanlike in his behaviour to all classes of his employes. In the latter respect he shines by contrast with other managers whom I will not mention, who bully and worry their staff and swear at them on slight provocation.

A friend on his travels sends me the programme of a concert given at Varese last week, in aid of a young English jockey, Henry Hynes, who met with a railway accident on the 5th inst., has had both his legs amputated, and has no means of supporting his wife and three children. The prima donna of this concert is described as Signorina Houssel, who won a brilliant success in "Adieu, Suzon" (De Nevers), accompanied by the composer. 1,500fr. were cleared for poor young Hynes.

My friend tells me that "Signorina Houssel" proved to be that charming soprano, Ella Russell. In the Italian language the letter "u" is always pronounced like "oo," and her name was printed according to its sound.

It is gratifying to learn that the receipts at the recent Birmingham Festival exceeded £14,000 and the net profits £5,000. Madame Albani, who was debauched by illness from fulfilling her lucrative engagement, sent a handsome donation, and some of the principal vocalists followed her example. I ought to mention that the profits of these festivals are always devoted to charitable purposes.

The Royal English Opera will re-open soon with a French opera, "La Bacchante," done into English, of course. Mr. D'Oyly Carte would have preferred to produce an opera by a British composer, and has already given commissions to Messrs. Cowen, Goring Thomas, and Hanisch MacCunn to write operas for him, but none was ready in time for production this year. I know that Mr. Goring Thomas has made great progress with his forthcoming opera, but he is not the man to complete it in haste and repeat at leisure.

Dvorak will a year hence become director of the greatest musical institution in America, and I hope he may by that time be able to speak and write the English language. He should also be taught the peculiarities of Yankee English. There are plenty of people in Europe capable of teaching "English as she is spoke" in America.

Let me remind my readers that Senor Lago's Italian Opera season at the Shaftesbury Theatre will open on Monday next, 8.30 p.m., with Mascagni's "Cavalleria Rusticana," which I venture to predict will become as popular in England as it has been all over the continent. It will be followed by Ricci's melodious and diverting comic opera, "Crispino e la Comare," terminating with the celebrated trio, which is one of the most diverting ever written.

Otta Podara. — Madame Rubinstein, mother (and first teacher) of the famous pianist, died recently at Odessa, aged 62. The second Sunday concert of the South-place (Finsbury) Sunday Popular Concert Society, Finsbury, attracted a large audience on Sunday last. At this concert Max Bruch's Concerto No. 3 for violin and orchestra was played with piano accompaniment, a poor substitute for the elaborate orchestration. — Sir Charles Hallé will open his thirty-fourth concert season at Manchester next Thursday week. — The success, in the metropolis, of Mr. Boosey's London Hallad Concerts has induced him to arrange a provincial tour of his most popular artists, whose first hallad concert will be given at Manchester, October 29th.

BUCKLAND, JUNIOR.

"S.M." has two very unfortunate chickens in her possession. They are absolutely devoid of the garments which nature usually bestows on chickens—they have not got a single feather upon their bodies. Naturally they feel chilly, so their mistress has made them each a little coat. The other chickens do not behave kindly to these poor unfortunate, and will not allow them to be in their midst, apparently thinking them a disgrace to their kindred. "S.M." wants to know if they will live. Quite possibly, I should say, if they are kept warm and not bullied too much by the others. The coats are a capital, though a droll, idea; by their means the birds may be able to do without their feathers. I have never hitherto met with chickens in a similar plight, so I cannot say what their chances of long survival are.

The lady who has already obliged us with hints on the keeping of chameleons kindly continues her instructions. She thinks that although the reptiles are sometimes four or five weeks before they take food, it is best not to force them, as this irritates them and they do not thrive. They must, of course, be kept as warm as possible, and the mealworms should be put in a glass vessel in the case. My correspondent's first chameleon—she has kept many—lived in a bird-cage, and was very tame and affectionate. It lived for a long time, and at night a warm flannel was wrapped round it like a shawl, and pinned with a large blanket pin. It must have looked nearly as comical as "S. M.'s" chickens! Chameleons says my obliging correspondent, should not be handled more than necessary.

Mr. John Edwards writes in reference to Mr. E. Crow's slowworms. He thinks that the mother slowworm was not actuated by an instinctive desire to liberate her young when she rushed at and bit open the egg, but that she merely saw the movement inside the egg and tried to eat it in mistake for an insect, thus accidentally breaking the thin membrane. This destroys the beauty of the former theory, but I must say that it seems probable. Mr. Edwards has seen a spotted salamander behave in just the same way to

a slowworm's egg. Slowworms are very keen on anything that moves, and so are all reptiles and amphibians. I have often seen a toad dash at a little trickle of running water, while if you drag a watch-chain or piece of string or something over your finger before him, he will go for it. Mr. Edwards's theory is therefore in all probability the correct one.

"E. W. B." wants my opinion as to a mongoose for a pet. He has been offered one, but is dubious of accepting it. By all means avail yourself of the offer; they become very affectionate to their owners and are very desirable acquisitions. Their point is that some of them smell very strongly, others species are almost free from that objection. Their cage or box must be kept scrupulously clean. Sometimes they are let loose in the house, and are very valuable as mites and moths, but they are great adepts at escapade. They are very plucky creatures, and readily tackle any dog or cat, so that they can quite take care of themselves in that respect. There are many different species of mongoose, or ichneumon in Africa and India, but they all are similar in their pugnacious-like structure.

The winter will soon be upon us before we expect it. Already most of the work of the field naturalist has stopped until next spring. The time is now approaching when the butterfly-catcher will have ample leisure to arrange his captures of the past season, for his out-door vacation is now at an end. There are some who continue insect hunting right through the winter. I have heard of enthusiastic collectors breaking the ice on horse-troughs and grubbing underneath for aquatic beetles, and I will not deny that I have done almost as bad myself. But the reward to be gained is very slight and hardly worth the trouble and intense discomfort. Of course, there are certain moths which only appear during the winter. These must be sought for then; but it is not the time for a regular insect campaign. There is plenty for the entomologist to do in his cabinets during winter; he can visit the splendid collections at the Natural History Museum and elsewhere. All hobbies have their season of activity as well as of repose.

THE ACTOR.

It is not often that an author is satisfied with the impersonation of his ideals on the stage. Dickens was disgusted with many of the representatives of his creations, and certainly if I were censured on the subject I should say "Give me any part but in a play founded upon a novel, if the novelist is alive. He is sure not to be pleased with my performance. Dramatists learn to be thankful for small mercies, but novelists are sensitiveness itself."

However, there are the exceptions that prove the rule. Dickens did praise his interpreters on occasion, and one of his brothers in art, Mr. Farjeon, has just gone out of his way to indicate markedly the pleasure with which he regards the impersonation of one of his heroes on the boards. Miss Alice Eden, who is playing the rôle of Grif at the Surrey, has received from him, not only a highly complimentary letter, but a copy of "Grif" itself, with a very kindly inscription on the fly-leaf. Mine eyes have seen it, and I can therefore testify to its existence.

Mark Twain's "The Prince and the Pauper" has had a remarkable fascination for the adapters. Mr. Joseph Hatton is the third playwright who has tackled it. First came an American lady, Mrs. Sage Richardson, who had Elsie Leslie for the dual part; then came Mrs. Beringer; and now comes Mr. Hatton. It is, of course, the strong contrast between prince and pauper that is the attraction. To convey that contrast in acting is comparatively easy, because there are the dresses to assist you. But try to do as Mr. Willard has done in "Joshua Needham's Double" — to mark the distinction between two men exactly alike in feature and garb, and then you will find where the difficulty comes in.

It is quite the fashion nowadays for plays to migrate from theatre to theatre. Formerly only the actors did it; now the plays do it. "A Pantomime Rehearsal" and its fellows began at Terry's, and then went to the Shaftesbury. On Monday they go to Toole's. The "Rehearsal" has lost the services of Miss Norreys, but it has secured those of Miss Linden, who was always excellent in burlesque. I remember in particular her parody of Miss Eastlake in "Silver Gilt," and of Miss Terry in "The Vicar of Widesaweheld." But probably her best performance was the policeman's wife in "Dandy Dick."

One of Mr. D'Oyly Carte's companies goes to Greenwich on Monday to represent a couple of Gilbert-Sullivan operas. I often wish there were a West-end theatre where the bill was changed once a week or often, and where one could see the best that the country stage is able to afford. Our provincial friends can have the Gilbert-Sullivan series from time to time, but so far as the West-end of London is concerned that pleasure is tantalising. Will no one "run" such a theatre as I suggest, on the lines of frequent changes and cheap prices? There would be no difficulty in finding the theatre.

I welcome heartily the prospect of Mr. Edward Compton's special matinées. The first, next Wednesday, is particularly appealing. What a long time it is since I last saw "The Liar," which is to be the chief attraction on this occasion! I saw it, I remember, at Birmingham, and the title part, moreover, was played by Mr. Compton. When I first saw the comedy, the title part, if I recollect aright, was in the hands of C. J. Mathews. Mr. Compton played the rôle excellently at Birmingham, for his talent is essentially that of the comedian. Directly he essayed to be sentimental he becomes formal and insincere.

But "The Liar" is not all that we shall see on Wednesday. We shall see Mrs. Lancaster-Wallis, the Mary Queen of Scots in a new act-piece by a well-known Irish journalist. Mrs. Lancaster should look the part admirably. The man Stuart cap should suit her thoroughly. I am glad she is to soon be seen upon the boards again. She is too young and too able an actress to be allowed to remain idle. Moreover, I believe she is anxious to work. I expect a good deal from her Mary Queen of Scots.

I dare say many have been puzzled to find the new piece at the Court advertised as a "lively" comedy. "Ought not all comedies to be lively?" you may say. Well, not necessarily. A play may be broadly humorous, and yet not necessarily "lively." And, in the case of "Pamela's Prodigy," I believe there is every ground for applying to the work this particular epithet. Mr. Fitch's play is to me, I gather, essentially a bustling piece, full of action, in which, of course, invincible Mrs. John Wood will lead the way. "The Times" also promises to be quite a rollicking piece; so the Court and Terry's are likely to be in favour with the lovers of laughter.

It does not surprise me to learn that Miss Amy Roselle has made so great a success at Liverpool as Lady Macbeth. She has the physique for the part, the brains, and the skill. She has the true "grand style" of tragedy, and I have often wondered that she has not gone in for that style of part. Probably she would have done so if any encouragement had been given her by the managers.

OLD IZAAK.

The Thames is not in the best condition for fishing just at present, but a few anglers have secured good basks. At Staines, where the takes seem to be better than formerly, Mr. Newbury, of the New Albion Piscatorial, 15lb. of roach and dace in four days, and Mr. Wilson in the same locality landed 18lb. of capital roach as the result of one day's fishing, caught six barbel, the largest weighing 5lb. At Teddington Weir, Mr. George Morris, when bream fishing with Ben Stevens, was the fortunate captor of a fine jack of 15lb., and a couple of bream which were 5lb. together. Cooper is to make them "beautiful for ever." Several 6lb. jack have come to grief at Kingston. At Sunbury a take of fourteen brace of perch is reported, and at Twickenham in the tide-way, John Spong's record in six days is 80lb. roach and dace, and four bream.

The Lee is now right for fishing, but beyond a few fine roach from Day's Water, Tottenham, nothing particular has reached me to report. The Arun is in fair order at present; a brace of beautiful roach, going 14lb. each, were taken at Amberley on Sunday last, and at Pulborough a few fish were also brought to bank. The takes at both places last week were rather less than usual, for which wind and weather appear to be chiefly responsible. The great gales prevalent during the last few days may lead to more settled weather, and so augur well for Mr. Eldridge's last competition of the season, which takes place at Pulborough on Sunday next, 23rd inst.

I am glad to find that the Thames conservancy keeps a watchful eye on the proper navigation of steam-launches, which are perhaps too often, but in many cases deservedly, the subject of anything but a pious ejaculation on the part of the angler. A decided case of recklessness came before the Maidenhead bench on Tuesday last, when a penalty of £2 10s., including costs, was inflicted. The careless driving of these vessels tends to destroy much of the spawn and fry in the river, which is of far more consequence endangers the lives of people on the river in smaller craft. With a little care and consideration much of this might be avoided.

The monthly delegate meeting of the Anglers' Association takes place at the Foresters' Hall, Clerkenwell-road, E.C., to-morrow, Monday, 19th inst., at 8.30 p.m.

Major-general Goldsworthy, M.P., who will be supported by Mr. Deputy Bedford and others, will preside at a meeting of the Norfolk Broads Protection Society, to be held under the auspices of the Shepherd's Bush Angling Association at their headquarters, the Hotel, Shepherd's Bush Green, W., on Wednesday next, at 8 p.m. I hope all anglers in the locality will attend, and support the movement for freeing the Broads. The committee will doubtless give much interesting information as to what they have already done, and their prospect of doing more. "Old Izaak" intends to be present.

Among coming events are Mr. T. Crumpton's paper on "An Angler's Visit in the Olden Time" to be read at the Amicable Brothers Angling Society, to-morrow, Monday, 19th inst., at 8.30 p.m.; and a paper by G. E. Simms on "Cone Fish Hatchery," to be read before the Caledonian Anglers at the Coffee Pot Tavern, Warwick-lane, E.C., on Monday, 26th inst. The "Canton" announced for the same evening that Mr. James Husk will sing Jules Benedict's "Rage thou Angry Storm," and Mr. Sharp will open and close the proceedings, with a splendid rendering of the angler's song from Isaac Walton, "Man's life is but a vain."

The Caledonian Angling Society had an excellent show of fish last week, Messrs. A. George (secretary), and A. Knock being the successful anglers. Mr. George's take included five dace, weighing 2lb. 4oz. and 1lb. and about 9lb. of roach. Mr. Knock's eight dace weighing 5lb. 4oz., and nearly 9lb. of roach, in each instance capital fish. The Odds and Evens (a club I hope to visit soon) Mr. Bygrave placed a nice jack of 7lb. 1oz. upon the tray.

"Old Izaak" gave the Funny Folks a look up on Monday last, when Mr. George Watling's benefit concert was in full swing. The room was crammed, and an overflow meeting apparently going on as well. The gathering was one such as "Old Izaak" has seldom or ever seen before, and it is sincerely to be hoped the pecuniary result will be in proportion to the numbers present. Mr. Watling deservedly has many friends.

The society for promoting the reading of papers at angling clubs, of which Mr. R. B. Marston is president, is about to put forward an attractive programme for the winter season, and several papers are already promised and arranged for. Dissolving views, exhibitions of tackle and the like, are being pressed into the service, and if the readings are only half as good as they promise to be, and confined to proper subjects, there is no reason why the society should not do yeoman service, and have a prosperous career before it.

Mr. Brougham kindly tells me he has been spending a day or two at Stamford, and there, in the Welland, has heard of some good takes of roach, where it appears not uncommon to get them up to 2lb. each. There is a capital angling society there, and some good fishing members in it. I think they are excellently that of the comedian. Directly he essayed to be sentimental he becomes formal and insincere.

I am glad to hear that Mr. Wade, who has been in very indifferent health, is now considerably stronger, a circumstance that will afford pleasure, not only to the members of the Central Association of which he is the secretary, but to a large number of anglers outside it, who recognise his worth, and by whom he is deservedly respected.

Correspondents have on several occasions asked me to name the best method of staining or colouring gut, so as to make it resemble as much as possible the water in which it is used. I do not profess any special knowledge of the subject, but have always recommended a suitable solution of Judson's dye, which I believe will be found to answer the purpose. Some tints may be obtained by the more sombre infusions of tea or coffee. For my own part, I prefer the gut stained as supplied by the tackle makers, and it is only in exceptional cases that the amateur can improve upon their productions.

GENERAL CHATTER.

It is highly meritorious, no doubt, that well-to-do young ladies should qualify themselves to earn a living. By doing so, they provide against the possible contingency of being left destitute and helpless. But it is the reverse of meritorious when wealthy damsels take the bread out of their poorer sisters' mouths, by competing against them for employment.

John Wood will lead the way. "The Times" also promises to be quite a rolicking piece; so the Court and Terry's are likely to be in favour with the lovers of laughter.

Mr. John Edwards writes in reference to Mr. E. Crow's slowworms. He thinks that the mother slowworm was not actuated by an instinctive desire to liberate her young when she rushed at and bit open the egg, but that she merely saw the movement inside the egg and tried to eat it in mistake for an insect, thus accidentally breaking the thin membrane. This destroys the beauty of the former theory, but I must say that it seems probable. Mr. Edwards has seen a spotted

salamander behave in just the same way to the side and back breadth being gored and lashed. The hem of the grenadine skirt was trimmed with a full ruche of frayed-out silk of a bright gold colour. The high silk bodice had a deep V-shaped opening in front. The grenadine was arranged both back and front in soft folds over the silk neck and down each side of the V. Silk sleeves, covered with puffs of grenadine, reached as far as the elbows, where they finished with a deep ruff of black lace, headed by a ruche of the gold coloured silk. Half a dozen other clever transformations were described to me as designed for this dress in various appearances it had to make at forthcoming evening functions.

In the constantly revolving wheel of fashion we are pretty sure to have occasional revivals of past modes. There is a rumour in the air that short-waisted dresses and old-fashioned lace berets are coming in again. It may be so, although three-quarter coats and long basque bodices are certainly at present the order of the day. With regard to poke bonnets, however, it is no longer rumour, but an accomplished fact, that they will this winter take a leading place as one of the fashionable styles of head gear for ladies passed the bloom of youth. A matron well known in society looked charming at a big gathering in London in one of these new poke bonnets. It was made of black velvet, the broad brim with crimson velvet, the very small crown was of crimson velvet. A long black ostrich plume curled over the brim at the left side, strings of rather broad black velvet fastened in front with a soft bow.

You will doubtless have noticed among the new woollens the variety of striped patterns with two and sometimes three colours on the same piece. I was struck by a lovely gown in a striped cloth having the novel colour combination of terra cotta with two shades of grey. The terra cotta stripe was followed by one of silver grey, the remaining stripe being a very dark shade of grey. In the front the stripes were straight, while at the back they were arranged on the cross to form the modish umbrella shaped skirt. The coat bodice was of fine terra cotta cloth with long basques cut away on the hips; the waistcoat, made of brocade, was the same length as the basques. The coat had a particularly pretty finish; a band of black satin ribbon going round the front was tied in a small bow at the back. A ruffe of the same ribbon went down the centre of the waistcoat.

One seldom can use either the term pretty or becoming in connection with a waterproof cloak, but they quite apply to one I lately saw. It was of grey cloth covered with a brocade pattern in a darker shade. The cloth, absolutely waterproof, was altogether free from the disagreeable odour one always associates with mackintoshes or tweeds. The cloak fitted to the figure at the back, and had long, loose full-pleated cape sleeves with raised shoulders; the high neck-band went comfortably round the throat, fastening in front with a bow of grey satin ribbon. In fact, it was a most smart turn out, and the fame would have been instantly extinguished, and no one could have taken the slightest harm.

It is said that the German Exhibition, unlike its forerunners, was not a financial success. That is odd; many were the visits I paid the show during the autumn, and it always appeared to be well patronised. An ingenious friend suggests that a grand monkey exhibition on the same site might prove a very remunerative speculation. His idea is to have a Brobdingnagian cage, five or six times the size of the one at the Zoo, in a big building, with sitting accommodation for, say, a couple of thousand spectators, as in the lions' house at the Regent's Park menagerie. When people were tired of watching the merry antics of their simian cousins they would adjourn to the gardens and enjoy sweet music and stimulating tipple.

A boom and a blessing to London pedestrans it would be if all conveyances were equipped with mud guards round their wheels. Were this the case it would be possible to thread narrow defiles without getting smothered with liquid mud. The horses' feet would, no doubt, still thrash up some, but the larger portion of the nasty deluge comes from the wheels. Nor would the guards be without advantage to those who have to clean conveyances after use; their work would be lightened by one half at least.

When are those electric omnibuses going to appear? They have been promised for years, and on several occasions experimental samples have wobbled about in the streets, to the admiration of all beholders. But it has been the fate of all alike to vanish "like the baseless fabric of a dream," and I am inclined to bet that the end of the century will arrive before the electric bus comes to town.

The "maker's amateur" is not exactly a nice person, but

JACK ALLROUND.

Having received a present of buckwheat flour, "Jane W." asks for a recipe for making buckwheat cakes. These well-known American dainties can be made with either yeast or baking powder, and I trust my correspondent will be as successful with the latter method, as follows, as I am pleased to hear she has been with the other recipes she has taken from my column. To every pound of buckwheat add half an ounce of baking powder and a pinch of salt, mix them up well, and then mix into a batter with tepid water. Have a well buttered frying-pan, or griddle if you prefer it, and upon this, according to the size you wish the cakes to be, drop one or two tablespoonfuls of the batter, well apart from each other, over the griddle or frying pan, and fry or bake on a hot stove or oven; as soon as brown a little on one side, turn each cake over on the other side with a knife, and they will be quickly done. These cakes should be eaten hot; when cold they become heavy. In America they are sent to table quite hot, and usually eaten with a little fresh butter and maple syrup. They are very good with butter and sugar, or honey or treacle.

"A Mother," "S. G.," "Liddy F.," and "Housewife" request a recipe for making baking-powder to bottle and have for use at any time. This may be also useful to "Jane W." One of the best I know is made in this way.—Half a pound cream of tartar, half a pound tartaric acid, one pound carbonate of soda, one pound corn-flour, one pound and a quarter fine ground rice, and one ounce and a half carbonate of ammonia. Each of these should be separately dried carefully before the fire, or in a very cool oven, and any that show lumps should be pounded or rubbed smooth with the back of a tablespoon, but all must be quite dry and finely powdered before they are mixed together; when thoroughly mixed, sift them through a fine sieve or a piece of muslin, put them in absolutely dry bottles, which must be well corked and kept in a dry place. Some prefer keeping the powders in packets, if so they should be protected from damp by lead paper or other prepared paper, and kept in a dry place. For making scones use one ounce of the powder to a pound of flour; for cakes one ounce of powder to four pounds of flour.

I am asked by "James T.," "Eva," "X. Y. Z.," "Tothes," "J. P.," "A Beginner," and "I Query" how to make whitewash and colour wash for ceilings and walls. My correspondents represent ceilings in two cases, and walls and ceilings in one case, as in a very dirty and dilapidated condition. Dirty walls or ceilings must be gone over and washed with a plentiful supply of water to rub off all the old stuff and dirt. A rather worn stampy old whitewashing brush is the best implement to use. When the cleaning is over, stop up all holes with plaster of Paris, working them well and evenly with the wall. I am very pleased to have a recipe for preparing the whitewash, for which I have to thank "Journeyman Carpenter." He says:—For an ordinary ceiling say, twelve feet by sixteen feet, take a dozen balls of whitening and seven pounds of best double size. Put the whitening into a pail and dissolve it with a little water as possible, only just what it will take up, then melt the size separately, adding a little water to prevent it burning, say half a pint. As soon as the size is melted, pour it upon the whitening and amalgamate it well with the hands; then for a white ceiling add a little ultramarine blue, or if a cream colour is required some yellow ochre. I will add for "Eva" who wishes for a pink colouring for walls and ceiling, she should use rose pink as a colouring. The colouring should be mixed with cold water separately from the whitewash and then added to it, bearing in mind that the temper will dry three or four shades lighter than it looks in the pail. When the whole is tinted to your liking with the colouring stuff, while it is still hot strain the wash through a piece of coarse canvas, and when cold it is ready for use. When you are ready to begin shut all doors and windows of the room to exclude draught. Take a sweep right across the room and continue till finished; work evenly and carefully, and the quicker it is done the better the result. As soon as all is finished open all doors and windows so as to dry up as quickly as possible.

In reply to "Mother," "W. A. B.," "Tansy," and "M. B.," who wish to make nice wine, I send the following recipe. The sloes to be used should be sound and ripe, and to ensure this you should look them over carefully, rejecting all that are bruised and decayed; pick off the stalks and put the sloes into a large pan, and to every gallon of fruit pour over them a gallon of boiling water. Let them soak for five days, stirring them up well every day, then strain and put four pounds of good loaf sugar to every gallon of liquor, and when the sugar is quite dissolved put the whole into a cask with one pint of spirit to each gallon and a half of liquor. If the wine is allowed to remain in the cask for a sufficient length of time it will be almost equal to port. At any rate, it must be kept in the cask for at least twelve months.

"Can you please tell me what the farmers' wives in the western counties put in their cheese to turn it blue mouldy? I make plenty of cheese with sour milk and rennet, but I want to turn it blue, and cannot succeed," writes "Laura." I shall be very much obliged to any kind friend in the west who will help "Laura" in her cheese-making, meanwhile I have been told, though not by west country folk, of two methods sometimes used. One is that the cheeses to be worked upon are kept at a low temperature, as near as possible to 32° Fahrenheit, to check other ferments, while to expedite the blue ferment the cheese is liberally inoculated with mouldy bread, sometimes by piercing holes to enable the mould to penetrate inwards. Another method adopted to accelerate the blue mould is to brush the cheese while still soft with a hard brush dipped in whey, and then rub it once a day with butter, repeating this for three weeks, or until the blue mould begins to appear.

Indian chutney cannot be made in this country, as you cannot get the native ingredients, but may excellent household chutneys are concocted by careful housekeepers amongst us. "Savarez" asks for a shop chutney. This I cannot supply. Most of those sold are mixtures naturally kept secret by the manufacturers. A very good one, however, is the following:—Take two pounds brown sugar, a little less than one pound of salt, one pound of onions, half a pound of raisins chopped very fine, two ounces of white pepper, a quarter of a pound of mustard, a quart of apples chopped fine and measured after they are chopped up, and four pint of vinegar. To make this up, boil the apples and onions in the vinegar until tender, then pass them through a sieve, and when cold mix all the other ingredients and bottle it in clean, dry bottles, and, if well corked and tied down, it will keep for years.

"Our blackberries are only now coming in; there is a great crop in the country all round us; can you give me a recipe for making the fruit into wine without using honey?" asks "A Northern Housewife." Two other requests come for "a cheap blackberry wine." I am very happy to give the following, for which I have to thank "H. G." To every quart

of blackberries add one quart of cold water; let it stand ten days, stirring it every morning. Then strain and squeeze out all the juice from the berries, and to every quart of liquor add one pound of sugar; let it stand five days longer, stir it well every day to make the sugar dissolve, then strain it well, and, if you like, it in your barrel; it will ferment of itself, and when it has done fermenting, bung it down. It will be about a fortnight or more before you should quite taste it down for good. At Christmas it will be drinkable, but of course it will improve the longer you keep it, and would be fit for bottling in twelve months if kept in a proper cellar, at about 50° of temperature. It does not matter about bottling if you prefer to draw it from the cask, only care must be taken so as not to shake the barrel. "I have made some in this way," my correspondent adds, "so I know it will answer." I am always particularly pleased when my readers take so much interest in each other as to exchange simple recipes of this sort. The above may be as rich a wine as the blackberry wine I lately gave, but it has this great advantage—which "H. G." pointed out to me—it costs less than half the money my recipe would require for making it.

"A Mother," "S. G.," "Liddy F.," and "Housewife" request a recipe for making baking-powder to bottle and have for use at any time. This may be also useful to "Jane W." One of the best I know is made in this way.—Half a pound cream of tartar, half a pound tartaric acid, one pound carbonate of soda, one pound corn-flour, one pound and a quarter fine ground rice, and one ounce and a half carbonate of ammonia. Each of these should be separately dried carefully before the fire, or in a very cool oven, and any that show lumps should be pounded or rubbed smooth with the back of a tablespoon, but all must be quite dry and finely powdered before they are mixed together; when thoroughly mixed, sift them through a fine sieve or a piece of muslin, put them in absolutely dry bottles, which must be well corked and kept in a dry place. Some prefer keeping the powders in packets, if so they should be protected from damp by lead paper or other prepared paper, and kept in a dry place. For making scones use one ounce of the powder to a pound of flour; for cakes one ounce of powder to four pounds of flour.

I have received three requests for information as to the method for clearing "damson" or red wine. White of egg is usually employed for the purpose. One correspondent says he has a very large quantity made, but it will not clear, and asks me to help him. I do not know what quantity he may mean by "very large," but let us say his cask holds liquor to fill 100 bottles. Let him draw out four or five bottles of the wine, mix the white of five new laid eggs with half a bottle of this wine, and beat it well with birch twigs. Put this into the cask through the bung-hole and stir the wine well with a stick, then pour in the remainder of the wine, and stir the whole well again for a few minutes. Replace the bung, and after four or five days' repose the wine will be fit and clear for bottling. If the wine, after say eight or ten days, still remains thick, you must take another cask, burn a sulphur match in it, transfer the wine to this cask, bung it up, and after three or four days you may bottle it. I hope the above will help other inquirers. I have no room to go into each case separately.

SALMON AT A HALFPENNY APIECE.

The abundance of salmon this year on the coasts and in the rivers of British Columbia and the State of Washington is so great as to be almost incredible. The Port Townsend (Washington) Leader in a recent issue describes the situation in language recalling the time when apprentices in our own country stipulated that they should not be compelled to eat salmon for more than three diners a week. The Leader says:—The present wonderful run of salmon has so glutted the market that for some time these silver-sided beauties have been selling at 5 cents apiece; but the price has since taken a tumble, and several fishermen sold a boatload of fine salmon, weighing 20lb. each, at the pitiful sum of 1 cent apiece. One cent for a 20lb. silver salmon, the finest quality of that excellent fish, is the lowest price, perhaps, that a food fish ever sold for in this or any other country; but salmon are so plentiful that people do not know what to do with them. It is estimated that enough fish could be taken here in one day to fill 1,000 barrels. Fishermen say they can make "big money" by selling salmon at a cent apiece to the canneries if they will only buy all that they can catch. One man caught fourteen with a gill-hook attached to a hoe-hindle in one day, and another claims to have found them in such numbers in shallow water in the Dungeness that he threw them out with a pitchfork, and soon got fish enough to last his family for a month. Old residents say they never saw such quantities of salmon before, and a full account of all that one can hear and see about this big run of salmon would sound like the most fabulous of fish stories, and many persons cannot realize the magnitude of the salmon catch on the Sound this season.

A DISHONEST HELP.

A stylishly-dressed young woman, named Emily Catherine Foster, was charged at the West London Police Court with stealing goods, value £200, the property of Mr. Harold Augustus Farman, a solicitor, residing at Talgarth-road, West Kensington.—The prosecutor said the prisoner was in his service for nine months as lady help, and left a month ago. She gave notice, and after she had gone he missed the property.—A parcel containing some of the articles was produced, and a remand was applied for to trace the other property.—Mr. Farman, who watched the case for the prisoner, urged the magistrate to grant bail, stating that she had given information as to the recovery of the property.—Mr. Curtis Bennett remanded the prisoner and refused bail.

A DEFECTIVE GUN.

It has been found that one of the 67-ton guns in the after barbette of the battleship Anson will have to be replaced, and the vessel is under orders to proceed to Portsmouth for this purpose as soon as she is out of the dock yards at Devonport. The damage was quite recently discovered at the annual examination, and consists of a serious crack in the inner lining of a tube. The exact cause of this serious defect has not as yet been determined with certainty, but it is significant that the weapon is comparatively new, the Anson having been commissioned as the second flag-ship of the Channel Squadron in May, 1889.

THE GENTLEMAN AND HIS BULL DOG

A case of assault in a train came before the Leamington bench in which the defendant is a man of independent means named Edmund Rose Chance, of Fairford, near Gloucester. Defendant entered the five minutes past 5 express at Snow Hill Station, Birmingham, on the night of the 1st inst., accompanied by a large bulldog. Between Birmingham and Leamington one of the passengers objected to defendant's conduct, and he thereupon unchained the dog and said if any one dared to say another word he would tell the dog to "fix" them. The passengers became so terrified that they endeavoured to communicate with the guard, but found the cord was useless. Defendant assaulted one of the passengers for which he was sentenced to a month's hard labour, without the option of a fine, and for the abusive language and a breach of the railway by-laws he was fined 2d and costs.

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CROWNED AND CROWNLESS.

Three stars have fallen down From gloomy drooping crown, Three plumed stars which made the light of patriotism's heaven. Three crowns are lying low, Stripped of their gaudy show. It is not often that 'tis given To see three nations struck with one blow. It is not often that the world has heard Three nations' requiems chiming in one word.

Poor star the first to fall, Whose light could once appal The fiercest counter light In opposition's fight.

No more the world shall wonder, When to a people's thunder, And lighted by the lurid glow which on such pathways blaze.

You strove to tame for France A note that should enhance E'en the wild glory of the "Marsellaise."

Poor star of tarnished glow, Tho' wert the first to know That glory without honour is another word for shame.

No root of blushed glory Ere lived for long in story, For honour is but glory called by a sweeter name.

A royal star has fallen from Erin's cloudy skies.

A light once lit by patriot fire now in oblivion lies.

Was glory's voice so hollow, Poor star, that thou didst follow That other one to starless death when patriotism frowned?

For a nation's acclamation Hith never sure foundation.

The spectre diadem is gone; in truth thou art uncrowned.

Thine was a chapter gory

In a nation's troubled story.

Thine was the hand which lit a flame which shrouds darkly now.

Thine was the lip which tasted the gall of life work wasted.

Poor "uncrowned king," it hath availed thee—how?

The world killed with a look, And death has closed the book And taken 'em on the shadows of a crown from thy cold brow.

But for dishonour's willing, Thy country would be smiling.

But those who fought for Ireland must rest in Irish ground.

For tears can purify, And some to live must die,

And who can say for truth in death thou art not crowned?

Our England, too, is weeping Where her statesman son is sleeping.

But yet proud tears which gem his deathless bay.

Just maker of our laws, The grand old Tory cause,

Proud of its Beaconsfield is proud of these to-day.

The star of England's honour Sheds never light upon her.

When men like Smith devote their lives to fine her fame afar.

No dark dishonour's shade Can make her sons afraid.

To mourn a vanished light, thank God, but not a fallen star.

Death has no power to break, Nor loss can ever shake.

The bond of love 'twixt Englishmen who fight for one great cause.

Bright in the vanguard turning, With patriotic burning.

With truth the goal, no matter the world's blame or applause.

All party fierce opposing,

Are silent at the closing Of the gates of peace upon thee.

Let no one dare to breathe, Be he Liberal or Tory.

A word to mar the glory Of Britain's gift unto her dead—

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL.

THE INQUIRER ON A CHORUS GIRL.

At the weekly meeting of the London County Council, Sir J. Lubbock in the chair, Mr. Charrington said that, in accordance with an intimation he gave at the last meeting, he wished to ask whether, as the salaries of the coroners who held inquests were paid by the county, the council could take any action in regard to the late unfortunate case of a chorus girl, at which Dr. Troutbeck apparently suppressed material evidence; whether the record of the evidence was deposited; whether the council had access to the same, and whether something could not be done in regard to this case. The chairman replied that at the last meeting he said he would ascertain the council's legal position in the matter; but, hearing nothing further from Mr. Charrington, he did not intend to proceed further with the matter. As to the record, Mr. Charrington had said that the evidence was apparently suppressed. There was Dr. Troutbeck's solemn assurance that that was not the case; and so far as he himself was concerned, till there was some strong evidence on the subject, he should be prepared to accept that assertion. Of the last part of the question he had no notice, and he could not undertake to answer it without notice; otherwise he might lead the council into a difficulty.—Mr. Charrington gave notice to bring the matter forward again next Tuesday.—The chairman said now that he understood that it was to come on again he would ascertain the exact legal position of the council in the matter.

THE WATER SUPPLY.

Sir Thomas Farmer resumed the debate on the adjourned report of the special committee on the London water supply in favour of acquiring the waterworks on certain conditions.

He spoke on an amendment by Mr. Peachcroft, requiring further information before attempting to purchase. The whole policy of the council was, he thought, to ascertain before buying what it was they were buying. It seemed to him that that was the most important element in considering what London ought to give, and what the companies ought to receive. He asked why was water to be the one monopoly?

Was it because it was a prime necessity of life; or was it because the shares in water companies were held in high places. (Hear, hear.) He contended that a competitive scheme should be admissible, though he hoped it would not be necessary. It would be cheaper and better to buy the companies at their full value than to go a long distance for a fresh water supply. He hoped the amendment would be rejected as embarrassing.—Mr. Boulnois said he was a director of a water company, and wished to speak on the report.—Mr. J. Burns asked, as a point of order, whether he intended to speak for his constituency, or for the water companies. (Cries of "Order, order.")—The Chairman said that was not a point of order.—Mr. Boulnois went on to say that there was in the report a spirit of hostility, almost of defiance, against the water companies, and that was accentuated by the language of the vice-chairman. He did not think that was the best means of arriving at a peaceful solution in the matter. There was also a spirit of confiscation that breathed through the report, which he thought was most damaging to the reputation of the council. The object of the committee was to deprecate the property of the water companies, and to endeavour to get that property on terms which were not only not recognised, but were repudiated—any idea of confiscation or spoliation; and held that the property could only be acquired by giving a fair and equitable return to those who had advanced the public interest by providing a water supply. He supported the report.—Mr. A. Arnold contended that the council should only purchase that which was valuable to the people of London. Certain intakes upon the Thames should be declared illegal and improper; and he objected to London paying for such source of supply. He calculated that 4,000,000 pounds of tea and 4,000,000 pounds of soap could be saved annually if London had a water supply of the same degree of hardness as the people in the North of England had. In London the water had 10deg. of hardness as compared with 2deg. in the north; and if London water had only two degrees of hardness there would be a saving in tea and soap of half a million sterling, which is capitalised represented £12,000,000.—Mr. Dickinson said the question was what should be the basis of the purchase; and for that there was no precedent. He was in no hurry to see the council acquire the waterworks; for he believed the companies' profit earning powers might go on diminishing.—Mr. J. St. J. Contend that there was not a shadow of argument brought forward to show any idea of spoliation. In order to know the value of the property it was essential to know the obligations upon those who owned it.—Colonel Hughes thought the council should not depreciate the water companies' property so as to give an additional burden on those who, from any cause, prefer to send their children to non-board schools; and upon those who, having educated their children, are striving to give them a fair start in life. Unlike Mr. Costello supported the committee's report.—Mr. Beauchamp's amendment was rejected, and the report was eventually adopted.

THE THEATRES

ROYALTY.

Why the English version of M. Zola's "Thérèse Raquin" should have been first presented to a London audience of private guests, instead of in the ordinary course challenging the verdict of a public audience, is a problem which Mr. Gran and his fellow "independents" alone can solve, for a more sternly moral play in the harrowing lesson presented in its story could not be conceived. Like the same French author's "L'Assommoir," familiarised to British playgoers as "Drink," the piece under notice, put into the Royalty programme for public presentation on Wednesday night, shows vice and crime almost too nakedly in all their hideousness. There can, therefore, be no doubt about the ethics of the play, the only objection, purely as a question of taste, being to the enforcement of the moral by means which horrify instead of terrify. A couple of illicit lovers, seeking the indulgence of their unholiness lust by the murder of the woman's husband, and then onward from their wedding night dwelling in such absolute misery at their crime as produces a personal loathing of each other—this, surely, like the madness of delirious tremors in "Drink," must be a deterrent rather than an incentive of evil. The horror of these scenes is intensified by the fact of the mother of the murdered husband being struck dumb and motionless in overhearing, by accident, the confession of the assassins, uttered in course of their savage recriminations, and thereafter haunting the guilty pair by her presence as a paralytic, until, suddenly restored to motion and utterance, she bids them live on to suffer, and thereupon sees them die by their own hands. Here is a dreadful story, but not an immoral one in its effect upon the spectator. The acting of the piece was admirable, notably by Mrs. Theodore Wright as the paralytic, and by Mr. Abingdon, with Miss Laura Johnson as the conscience-haunted murderer. The gloom of the piece was lightened effectively by the humorous impersonation by Mr. De Lange of an old doctor of medicine. The piece held the audience enthralled throughout, and should be seen by all playgoers who do not object to sup full of horrors. Mr. Herbert-Basing, who himself played with effect the victim of the assassins, has placed the play, as manager, before the public for a run.

VAUDEVILLE.

A second dramatisation of Mark Twain's romance of "Prince and Pauper"—which, though dealing with certain passages of history, is not historical—has been made by Mr. Joseph Hatton for his daughter, Miss Bessie Hatton, who appeared both as the boy King, Edward VI, and the beggar, Tom Canty, on the production of the piece at Mr. Thorne's theatre last Monday. The clever youthful actress differentiated the dual characters of prince and pauper with noteworthy histrio-nomic ability, exhibiting vivacity almost approximating to humour in the comedy scenes, and emotional power of a stirring kind through the serious phases of the story, notably in the concluding scene, where Tom Canty, still posing as the boy King, recognising his mother in the vagrant woman brought before him for judgment, repudiated the imposture involved in his false rank in a sudden burst of filial affection. The young lady's intensity in the pathetic expression of deep feeling points to her as an admirable impersonator of such characters as Jo, and, indeed, of street Arabs of that special genre. Few actresses of Miss Hatton's youth and limited experience have developed such firmness in their work as is shown by this young lady, who already possesses the rare gift of fulfilling her intention in the part she plays. Mr. Henry Howe acted as well as looked the part of the prince's uncle, the Earl of Hertford, with marked distinction; and Mr. Fulton portrayed with characteristic ability Lord Seymour, the intriguing brother of the Lord Protector. As the gallant champion of the young prince, Miles Henson, Mr. Forbes Dawson, looked picturesque, but acted with over much of the swagger of the swashbuckler. The clever sisters Linden—who, by the way, could themselves never play the prince and pauper to perfection—were cast far below their artistic deserts severally in the subordinate parts of the Princess Elizabeth and Tom Canty's gipsy sister, whose mother, the fortuneteller, found a pathetic representative in Mrs. Macklin. The presentation generally was received with great favour by the audience, though it must be remarked that the adaptation repeats several anachronisms disfiguring the story. For example, Miles Henson protests himself to be the son of a baronet, it being a commonplace of knowledge that the English order of chivalry in question was instituted by James I, at least four reigns later than that of Henry VIII, during which, at the very latest, Henson must have been born. Again, the boy is almost invariably addressed as "Your Majesty," it being well known that his royal appellation, in common with that of his sisters who in turn succeeded him, was either "Your Highness" or "Your Grace." These obvious errors go far to dismisse whatever illusion is possible consequent upon the unmitigated perversion of history. Mr. Hatton would do well to eliminate from his dramatisation the conventionally melodramatic episode of Mad Antony, and generally to leave only the purely comedy scenes with the single pretty sentimental incident which aptly serves to close the play.

GLOBE.

It is difficult to understand what purpose, or rather whose purpose, can be served by the production of such a fatuous farce as that which, under the title of "The Parson," evoked derisive plaudits from the meagre audience drawn under false pretences last week to the Globe Theatre. Though set forth in the programme as a new and original farcical comedy, the piece was speedily recognised to be of French extraction. This misstatement probably accounted for the adaptors refraining from putting his name to the work. The threadbare device of a baby and a bag simultaneously gone astray serve tostast the series of stale and stagey incidents constituting the plot, while the characters are made up of such conventional dummies as the amorous landlady of a lodging-house, a commercial traveller, a hard-wearing swag-gering major, and a stuttering curate—all impossibilities, and the last most particularly so, forasmuch as an applicant for "orders" with so serious an impediment of speech could not get ordained. But critical comment is futile upon a piece the acting of which was down to the level of the composition. Among the eleven players included in the cast the only one possessing any pretence to histrio-nomic ability was the impersonator of the bagman, Mr. J. G. Wilton; the other ten, like the piece in which they appeared, are little likely to be seen or heard again, at any rate, if they are judged by their demerit on this occasion. A wise prescience was shown on the part of the producer of "The Parson" in announcing it, in anticipation of the result, as for one night only.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

A large audience assembled at the Crystal Palace on Saturday, when the thirty-third annual series of the Crystal Palace Saturday Concerts was opened with an interesting selection of high-class music performed by accomplished artists. Herr

David Popper, a violoncellist of the highest rank, too long absent from England, made his first appearance at the Crystal Palace, and played three of his own compositions—his concerto in E minor, for violoncello and orchestra, opus 24, and a berceuse and a spinning song, also of his composition. Great expectations had been awakened by the announcement of this distinguished artist whose fame has spread over all the civilised world, but the concerto proved rather disappointing, the orchestral portions of it being to some extent feeble and commonplace. The violoncello part is admirably written and was splendidly played by Herr Popper, who was recalled to receive rounds of applause after the concerto terminated. Later on this gifted artist was great and well-mitigated success in two of his solos—a berceuse and a spinning song. The first-named is a characteristic melody—simple, but strikingly original and characteristic. The "spinning" is a tour de force, bristling all over with difficulties of execution, such as might deter ordinary violoncellists from attempting to perform it, yet full of brilliant passages in which charming melodies are admirably treated. The audience paid devout attention to Herr Popper's wonderful performance of this work, and at its close recalled him twice, and kept on applauding until he gratified them with a repetition of his solo. Another interesting feature in the concert was the appearance of Madame Patey, for the first time since her prosperous campaign in the anti-podes. She sang well-chosen selections from Rossini ("O Salutaris Hostia") and Spohr ("Rose softly blooming") with the taste and expression always manifested in her vocal performances, but her voice was apparently suffering from fatigue. The orchestra is, after all, the backbone of these concerts, and Mr. Manns, who was heartily welcomed by the large audience, may be congratulated on having secured the services of some forty-five first-class instrumentalists in addition to the excellent orchestra of the Crystal Palace. Under his able and zealous direction, excellent performances were given of Beethoven's C minor symphony, Sterndale Bennett's "Paradise and Peri" overture, and five selections from the new ballet-music composed by Gounod for his opera, "Roméo et Juliette." The overture and the symphony above-mentioned could scarcely be better played than they were on this occasion, and Mr. Manns and his musical forces may be congratulated on the brilliant opening of their thirty-sixth annual campaign.

ALHAMBRA.

On Monday last Mr. William Bailey actively commenced his duties in connection with the management of this theatre, and on the same evening was produced the new pantomime ballet, entitled "The Sioux," invented by Mr. Charles Lauri, and wedded to bright and tuneful music by Mr. Walter Slaughter. In "The Sioux" the author of Indian life, but in its traditional comic aspect. The scene represents the mountain home of a colonist, whose sailor son has just arrived on a visit, accompanied by a monkey evincing wonderful affection for his master, whose person alone seems sacred from his mischievous propensities. So trusted is the monkey, Chandi by name, that he is placed sentry over the house during its master's absence from home in company with his son on a sporting excursion. The Indians take advantage of this temporary absence, and storm the place, but are kept at bay by the valiant monkey, who eventually succumbs to injuries received just as the pantomime returns and disperses the marauders. Mr. Charles Lauri, as the monkey Chandi, is admirable, and is well supported by Mr. F. Kitchen, Mr. H. Ewins, Mr. D. Paulo, and other excellent pantomimists. The grand finale, "Orisla," has not yet outrun its popularity, and this magnificent spectacle is preceded and followed at intervals by variety items contributed by Miss Harriett Vernon, Miss Marie Lloyd, Mr. S. Redfern, Mr. G. W. Keay, and others.

TROCADERO.

It is satisfactory to learn that the Mahatma—if the so-called "great soul" does exist—is credited with being located in Thibet, a region which Britons seldom penetrate; because if a sceptical tourist interviewing the spirit doubted its powers, it would be very awkward for the tourist to come home unconsciously minus his waistcoat—or say, his nether garments—and to find on his arrival either habillement, with a lady's ring sewed up in one pocket and a lady's stocking in the other, in the possession of his better half. He might for the moment be unconscious of the loss of the garment, but we feel sure he would soon be conscious of the ire of his spouse. The possibility of such a contretemps happening was cleverly shown by Mr. André at the Trocadero on Monday night; as also of letters from one person to another being read and their contents being conveyed to a third person without being opened. In addition to these things, if the persons incriminated denied the conduct ascribed to them the Mahatma would probably appear on the scene and refute their denials. All these possibilities are cleverly demonstrated in the Mahatma's scene referred to, in addition to the artificial production of flowers, and furred and feathered animals. Mr. S. Adams is to be congratulated not only on securing and producing this novelty, but for the high class of the variety items that make up a full and satisfying programme of entertainment.

WASHINGTON.

The special attraction of the new entertainment produced at Mr. G. W. Moore's popular resort on Monday evening last took the form of a "laughable" comedy, entitled "Of Guard; Or Boose." This sketch, which has for some time past been popular at the halls, has really no plot worthy of the name, but what it lacks in this respect is fully atoned for by the humour of the Hanson combination, at whose hands this diverting trifle is enacted. In another direction Professor De Wynne gave a capital exhibition of conjuring, his smart sleight-of-hand being supplemented with a humorous lesson in shadings. The satire expressed in verse by Miss Kate Kelia, male impersonator, is relieved by the Hibernian conceits of Moran, Bill and McGrath, which immediately follow, and highly pleasing is Miss Kitty Hives' song and dance turn. The ventriloquial act conducted by Professor Nieman is of excellent quality. The Durhams are diverting in their variety entertainment; and a few topical verses are admirably sung by Mr. F. Cash. Further contributions to the entertainment, over which Mr. Theodore Gordon so admirably presides, are vouchsafed by Miss N. Lennox, Miss Crisie, Angus, Miss Bessie, Mr. George English, Mr. W. Benson and Dezano. On Monday, the 26th inst., Mr. Charles Mitchell, the acting-manager, will take his anniversary benefit, for which night a special entertainment is being prepared, particulars of which have yet to be announced.

The "Crusaders" in Mr. H. A. Jones' new play, now rehearsing at the Avenue, are certain would-be reformers, whose extreme notions are satirised upon the principle of "shooting folly as it flies" and bringing it down with the curtain. Sympathetic love passages are interwoven with the purely ironical scenes. The rehearsals of the piece suffer from a bronchial affection which unfortunately almost deprives Miss Winifred Emery of her voice, but this clever lady is happily recovering, so that the date assigned to the 26th inst.—for the production of the

piece and the re-opening of the Avenue may yet be unaltered.—The order in which Mr. Jones' plays are published will be "The Middleman," "The Dancing Girl," and then "The Crusaders." "Wealth" is not to be included in the series.—Christmas is the time at which it is likely that Mr. Tree's revival of "Hamlet" will be forthcoming at the Haymarket, although rehearsals for it are already in progress. But the success of the continued run of "The Dancing Girl" will probably preclude any necessity for earlier presentation of the Danish tragedy.—"Pamela's Prodigy," with which the Court re-opens on Wednesday next is a light comedy illustrative of the manners of our grandfathers and grandmothers early in the century. Mrs. John Wood has in it a strongly marked character part, affording full scope for the play of her abounding humour. Mr. Giddens and Mr. Eighton are also well fitted with broadly defined individualities in which they are likely to reveal at their best, fun being the distinguishing quality of the piece.—The death of the young and promising dramatist and actor, Mr. Mark Quinton, comes just as the play written by him, in collaboration with Mr. H. Hamilton, is being put in rehearsal by Mr. Alexander at the St. James's. Fate is cruel in not letting this poor young playwright live long enough to see the interpretation of his work.—The series of Mr. Edward Compton's presentations of old comedies at matinées to be given at the Opera Comique, will commence with the revival of Foote's comedy of "The Liar," in which Charles Mathews used to act so de-lightfully. Mr. Compton will, of course, assume his part of Young Wilding. The old comedy will be preceded by the production of the promised new one-act play, by Mr. F. Moore, to be called "The Queen's Room," introducing Mary Queen of Scots at Holy-wood.—"The Diary of a Tramp" is the title of Mr. Corney Grain's new musical sketch, to be heard for the first time at St. George's Hall on Monday next.—It has been calculated that an American touring company travels with a popular English play company on to 10,000 miles, at a cost in railway fares of over £1,200.—"The Matrimonial Agent" is the title chosen for the new farcical comedy, by Messrs. Phillips and Brookfield, in daily rehearsal at the Comedy.—Mr. Frank Lockwood, Q.C., is to take the chair at the annual dinner of the General Theatrical Fund fixed for the 26th November.—Mr. Tom Tinsley, manager of Gatti's Charing Cross, announces that a special entertainment will be given at that hall on Tuesday next, the occasion of his fourth annual benefit.—Mr. Thomas Thorne and the Vaudeville company commence a short engagement at the Grand next week. On Monday, Wednesday, and Saturday, "Joseph's Sweetheart" will be played, and "Sophie" on Tuesday, Thursday, and Friday.—On Monday Miss B. L. White's company will appear in the drama, "Siberia," at the Standard Theatre.—The late Hugh Coway and Comyns Carr's "Called Back" will be produced at the Britannia, where on Thursday an augmented entertainment will be given for the benefit of Miss Oliphant Webb.—Mr. Frank Harvey's drama, "A Ring of Iron," will be the attraction at the Marblebone next week.—"Foundered Fortune," a popular nautical drama, will be played at Sadler's Wells during the ensuing week.—The Lyric Opera House, Hammarström, will re-open under the management of Messrs. Acton Phillips and Son on Monday with the drama, "Lost in London."—"The Two Orphans" will be staged at the Parkhurst on Monday, and "Man to Man" at the Stratford.—Mr. Fred Roberts will have a complimentary benefit at the Bedford on Friday next.—Mr. Frank Howel, the popular reciter, will take his entertainment on tour shortly after Christmas. He will give a two hours' entertainment of a decidedly attractive character, and which ought to prove highly popular.

Mr. F. Law, manager of the South London Palace of Varieties, on Sunday celebrated the golden wedding of his father and mother at Thorntoun. After an adventurous career, Mr. Law's grandfather and grandmother lived, not only to see their golden wedding, but to a good many years after. The former, who had served in the Peninsula war, was a valiant soldier, and was reported killed. His wife, who was with the camp, sought in vain for her husband's body, and after being struck down with fever derived that capacity she discovered her husband in one of the wards, minus one arm. It may be hoped that a similar celebration may be held by the Mr. and Mrs. Law of this generation.

MYSTERIOUS DEATH AT GREENWICH.

Mr. Carttar opened an inquest at the Greenwich Infirmary, Maze Hill, upon the body of Jeanette Ferrier, aged about 40 years, a hospital nurse, lately living at 31, Manchester-street, Manchester-square, who was found dying in the Woodlands, Maze Hill, early on the morning of the 6th inst.—Harriet May said she was the deceased's landlady, and had known her as a lodger for the last three years. The only relative she ever heard the deceased speak of was a niece, who resided in South Africa. She had been very dull of late, but had not complained of anything. Witness last saw her alive on the 26th inst., when she entered the kitchen, and said she was going to Fulham to see some friends, and would return the next day. Witness was shown a paragraph in a paper, which referred to the support given by members of the club to Sir James Ferguson during the recent Parliamentary election in North-east Manchester, desire to place on record their conviction that active support of the Conservative candidate can never be consistent with membership of a Liberal club; and that, while fully recognising the right of free speech and action, which is every man's privilege, they are clearly of opinion that if a member determined to give his influence and support in support of the Conservative party, it is his manifest duty, before doing so, to resign his membership of such club. The committee deemed it necessary to call the attention of these members to the fact that the Reform Club is a strictly political club, that it is the social headquarters of the Liberal party of Manchester and the district, and it is unavoidable that the plans and arrangements incident to a political contest should become to a large extent known throughout the club; and that it is not consonant with the amenities of political warfare that gentlemen should maintain a position in the heart of the camp while engaged in active and demonstrative opposition elsewhere.

POLITICS IN MANCHESTER.

A SIGNIFICANT RESOLUTION.

The following resolution has been passed by the committee of the Manchester Reform Club:—The committee of the Manchester Reform Club having had their attention called to the support given by members of the club to Sir James Ferguson during the recent Parliamentary election in North-east

Manchester, desire to place on record their conviction that active support of the Conservative candidate can never be consistent with membership of a Liberal club; and that, while fully recognising the right of free speech and action, which is every man's privilege, they are clearly of opinion that if a member determined to give his influence and support in support of the Conservative party, it is his manifest duty, before doing so, to resign his membership of such club. The committee deemed it necessary to call the attention of these members to the fact that the Reform Club is a strictly political club, that it is the social headquarters of the Liberal party of Manchester and the district, and it is unavoidable that the plans and arrangements incident to a political contest should become to a large extent known throughout the club; and that it is not consonant with the amenities of political warfare that gentlemen should maintain a position in the heart of the camp while engaged in active and demonstrative opposition elsewhere.

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COVENT GARDEN AUTUMN OPERA SEASON
Under the Direction of MR. AUGUSTUS HARRIS.
WEDNESDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 18, 1891, with
W. S. HOMER, Wednesday Night, CALMÉ, &c. The Price
of Admission will be as follows:—Private Boxes, 15 guineas;
Stalls, 10 guineas; Circle, 8 guineas; Upper Circle, 6 guineas;
Minstrels, 5 guineas; Box Office, 10s. to 12s.; Amphitheatre Seats (reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Gallery, in
Box-office now open.

LYCEUM.

Mr. HENRY IRVING, Solo Manager.
LYCEUM. Their present season in London positively
opens on November 1st. Every Night this week, at 8.15
p.m., will be as follows:—Private Boxes, 15 guineas;
Stalls, 10 guineas; Circle, 8 guineas; Upper Circle, 6 guineas;
Minstrels, 5 guineas; Box Office, 10s. to 12s.; Amphitheatre Seats (reserved), 3s.; Unreserved, 2s.; Gallery, in
Box-office now open.

ADELPHI.

A. and S. LTD. Producers and Managers.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by
Geo. S. Sims and Robert Buchanan, entitled *THE
HUMPTY DUMPTY*. Mr. Leonard Baynes, Mrs. M. Wilfrid
Horn, Miss Alice, Mrs. Charles, Mr. L. L. Lonsdale, Mr.
James Lewis, Mr. Charles, Mr. Whistleback, Mr. L. Lonsdale,
Miss Herbert, Miss Chestham, Miss Irving, &c.—*The Five
Wives of the Late Lord*. It will open at 8.15, and
will be followed by *THE LADY'S LAST WISH*. The
management of Drury Lane Theatre has once more
scored a great success. *A Sailor's Knot* was received with
every evening of *THE LAST LADY ROYAL*.

PRINCESS'S.

BEA-NA-POOGE, at 7.45. *Last Wishes*.
Miss Julia Ward, Mrs. John Carter, and Miss Eliza
Ward, Mr. Henry Neville, Mr. Arthur Davis, Mr. Wilfrid
Horn, Mr. Charles Ashton, Mr. Henry Bedford, Mr.
John Carter, Mr. Arthur Leigh, Howard Russell, Royton Keith,
Miss Eliza, J. and W. Northcote, Miss Alice, Miss
Horn, Miss Herbert, Miss Chestham, Miss Irving, &c.—*Box
Office* open 7.30. *Box-Office* open 10.30 to 6.30.

MAJINER.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by
Mr. W. Arthur Roberts will appear, and full
party Chorus of Dancers, and the Vocalists of the
Majiner, every Wednesday and Saturday at 8.15.
Box-Office now open, where seats may be secured by letter or
telegram, or of the Principal Librarians in the West-end and
elsewhere. *Box-Office* open 7.30.

GAESTY THEATRE.

LOWE, S. LTD. *Willie Dowie*.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *A Laughable Comedy*, in Three
acts, entitled *THE LADY'S LAST WISH*, by Fred Horner.

Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30, and all Librarians
will be open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
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THE LADY'S LAST WISH, every Saturday at 8.15.
THE LATE LADY'S LAST WISH, every Saturday at 8.15.
THE STRAND. *Performance* to-morrow Night.
Business Manager, J. T. Mackay Robertson.

CRITERION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WYNDHAM.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *An Operatic Comedy*, in Three
acts, entitled *THE LADY'S LAST WISH*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30, and all Librarians
will be open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
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THE LATE LADY'S LAST WISH, every Saturday at 8.15.
THE STRAND. *Performance* to-morrow Night.
Business Manager, J. T. Mackay Robertson.

SAVOY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HENRY GASCONE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30, and all Librarians
will be open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
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THE LADY'S LAST WISH, every Saturday at 8.15.
THE STRAND. *Performance* to-morrow Night.
Business Manager, J. T. Mackay Robertson.

TOOLE'S THEATRE.

OPEN TO-MORROW (Monday) with the END of the
A PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.
By Fred Horner.

THE LANCASHIRE SAILOR, and A COMMISSION
by Brandon Thomas. By W. Gordon Greenhill.
As Transferred to their Entirety from the Drury Lane
Theatre. *Box-Office* open from 10.30 to 5.30.
Proportion of Profits, Mr. J. L. FOOLE.

NEW OLYMPIC THEATRE.

Son Lessee, Mr. MURRAY CARON.
Son Responsible Manager, W. W. KELLY.
Great Success Every Evening at 7.45.

THE AMERICAN, by Henry James.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *A Grand Literary Play*,
by F. G. D'ARCY, G. R. L.,
MADE OF A DEDICATED LITERARY FEST,
SPECIAL WEDNESDAY MATINEE, THURSDAY NIGHT,
THE LATE LADY'S LAST WISH, every Saturday at 8.15.
THE LATE LADY, Mrs. Lancaster Wallis (Miss Wallis),
Business Manager, Mr. J. H. S. SAVILLE.

GARRICK THEATRE.

Son Lessee, Mr. H. H. MARE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open from 10.30 to 5.30.
THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.
By Fred Horner.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *New and Original Play*, in
Two Acts, entitled *PRINCE AND PAUPER* founded
on the Story of the Two Brothers, King Edward VI and
King Mary. For the First Time in English. *Box-Office* open
from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open from 10.30 to 5.30.
THE LADY'S LAST WISH, every Saturday at 8.15.
THE STRAND. *Performance* to-morrow Night.
Business Manager, Mr. C. H. SAVILLE.

OPERA COMIQUE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. EDWARD COMPTON.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *New and Original Play*, in
Two Acts, entitled *THE AMERICAN*, by Henry James.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *A Grand Literary Play*,
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ROYAL GARRICK THEATRE.

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THE PRINCE OF WALES' THEATRE.
By Fred Horner.

EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
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THE SURVEY THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. CHARLES WILMOT.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
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THE STANDARD THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. ALFRED JAMES, JR.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
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THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. HORACE SEDGER. Lessee and Manager,
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
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THE PAVILION THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. MORRIS ABRAHAMS.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
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THE BRITANNIA THEATRE, Mortons.

Lessee, Proprietor, Mrs. F. L. LANE.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *Original Drama*, by Fred Horner.
Box-Office open from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open
from 10.30 to 5.30. *Box-Office* open from 10.30 to 5.30.
THE ELEPHANT AND CASTLE THEATRE.

Lessee and Manager, Mr. MORRIS ABRAHAMS.
EVERY EVENING, at 8.15, *The Great and Successful
Adelphi Drama*, THE ENGLISH HOME, by Geo. S.
Horn, Miss Herbert, Miss Chestham, Miss Irving, &c.—
Cast: Mrs. J. H. Clynes, B. Hampton, C. Cooper, F. Wright,
J. A. March, F. A. Gayle, G. Yates, Miss Alice, Miss
Herbert, Miss Chestham, Miss Irving, &c.—
THEATRE ROYAL, Stratford, E.

Proprietor, Mr. ALFRED JAMES, JR.
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THE LATE MR. PARNELL.
RECOLLECTIONS BY MR. LABOUCHERE.

The most interesting reminiscences of Mr. Parnell which have not appeared are those which Mr. Labouchere prints in *Truth*. We give here a few of the more curious or important passages:—

“**O’NEILL ON THE BRAIN.**”
Parnell had O’Shea on the brain. Everything that happened adversely to him, he got down to the captain. It was only with the greatest difficulty that I could induce him to believe that Pigott had forged the letters. In vain I insisted that when several similar phrases occur in two letters, it is absolutely certain that they are written by the same person. “It cannot be right,” he said, “because I know that it is right.” “Have you proof?” I asked. “No,” he said, “but I know it.” When I brought Pigott and him together, it was not so much with the object of getting further information from the former, as to convince the latter of Pigott being the writer. The first thing that he said to Pigott was, “Had O’Shea anything to do with the matter?” This Parnell denied, and when the man had left Parnell said to me, “Pigott is lying.” I contended that in the main he was telling the truth. “No,” he said, “he must be lying, for he says that O’Shea had nothing to do with the letters, and I know that he had, and that he got the money to pay for them from Chamberlain.” Pigott had explained his modus operandi. He had traced the phrase which were repeated in the *Times* letters on a sheet of blank paper held up to the window over the letter from which the phrases were to be taken. Having done this with a pencil he subsequently wrote them in with ink, and added in the same handwriting the connecting words. It occurred to me that the ink would not hold on the pencil mark, and that, consequently, when rubbed out, there would be a white line. So I had the photographs of the letters transferred on to glass slides, got a magic lantern with Uilmalight, and begged Parnell to witness the experiment. The lantern was brought out. I thought that I had convinced him. “Not at all,” I supposed, he said, “that they were forged as Pigott says, but that does not prove that O’Shea was not concerned in the forgery. And my firm impression is that he went to his grave the sole man who did not believe that Pigott had forged the *Times* letters, for when once he had got an idea in his head, no amount of evidence would get it out of his head. In the evidence before the commission it came out that O’Shea had once met certain persons at a public-house in some London slum. Parnell wanted his legal advisers to put detectives round this house. They saw no necessity for it. He asked me to do so. I said that it would be a waste of time and money. Nights after night, therefore, he hung round the public-house himself, though what he hoped to discover I could never make out.

“THE ONLY IRISHMAN WHO CAN KEEP A SECRET.”

In leading his party, it was often thought that he cultivated mystery with a view to impress his followers. This was not entirely the case. Often when he stayed away he was physically unable to appear, and he disliked greatly that this should be known. Often it was known the result of the morbid secretiveness which was so strange a trait in his character. He had no liking for public speaking, and the monstrously digited had no attraction for him. It is exceedingly improbable that he ever expressed assent to Captain O’Shea’s vilification of his chief followers, as was stated by the captain to an interviewer, but he did not feel any great affection for them, owing to the jealousy of his disposition, and to his radical distrust of all mankind. Once it was deemed desirable during the Parnell Commission to send a person to Paris, and he asked me to find a man. “Surely,” I said, “you might find him amongst your followers. Do you think them all traitors?” “No,” he replied, “they are not traitors, but the only Irishman that I know who can keep a secret is O’Kelly, and he is away. They do not mean to tell, but they cannot help talking.”

“MY PEOPLE NEVER WILL BELIEVE ALL THIS.”

He had unquestionably assured his friends that he should come triumphantly out of the O’Shea business; and I suspect that he made these assertions on the assumption that the case would never come into court. But I think that in the end he was so eager for the divorce that he would not have prevented it had he been able. One morning, whilst the case was proceeding, he sat quietly reading the report of the evidence. He calmly looked up and said, “My people never will believe all this.” And I make no doubt that no man was more surprised at the outbreak of feeling than he was.

Mr. PARNELL’S “FISHY” EYES.

Mr. Parnell was a pleasant man when he was unboned—quiet, gentlemanly, courteous. He was certainly a very handsome man, with well-set features, and a good figure. I have seen allusions made to his eyes—that they were deep, sparkling, etc. As a matter of fact, they were so shifty, and so what is termed “fishy” that they marred his face. A selfish man Parnell certainly was; but he was good-naturedly selfish. If any one stood in his way, he would sacrifice him without a moment’s hesitation, nor would he go greatly out of his way to serve a friend. When, however, his own interest was not concerned, he would not put himself out to do either friend or foe an injury. Politicians have been defined as good nature in little things, and this sort of good nature he had. In his conversation he never used a strong expression; indeed, he once, when we were talking about this matter, asserted that it would be impossible for me to find a single strong word in any one of his speeches, and in this I think that he was correct, for until his recent speeches there was always a severe sense of verbal decorum in his utterances. He had a great sense of personal dignity, and I suspect that he never really forgave Mr. Gladstone for putting him in Kilmainham, but always nourished a grudge against him. Physically he was no coward, but he had a morbid horror of imprisonment, partly because it interfered with his burrowing propensities.

Mr. PARNELL AND THE EXCLUSION OF THE IRISH.

When the round-table conference was proceeding, he asked me what concessions were likely to be made. “Mr. Gladstone has already announced,” I replied, “that the Irish should sit in the Imperial Parliament. If Chamberlain likes a ratification of this, I suppose he can have it.” After a silence of some minutes, Parnell said, “It must be understood that I am no party to this.” “How do you mean?” I asked; “would you oppose the second reading of a Home Rule bill if it did not exclude the Irish from the New York World from Kansas city gives an account of a sensational event in the criminal court there on Monday. A man named Rowland had been imprisoned for some time on a charge of forgery. His trial commenced on Monday morning, and as the evidence of guilt was very clear, the prisoner was convicted. The judge was delivering sentence, and the large audiences in the galleries were listening with interest to his remarks regarding the dangers of fast society. He had sentenced the prisoner to ten years’ imprisonment, and as the final words fell from his lips, Rowland drew a revolver from his pocket, and before any one could prevent him, had placed the muzzle to his breast and shot himself through the heart, immediately falling dead. A scene of wild excitement ensued, and as he was being picked up it was observed that the judge had fainted. Restoratives were applied, and he revived sufficiently after a few moments to be conveyed to his private room. The dead man was carried out, and the court cleared at once.

“I know them and their principles by this time.”

THE TRAJECTORY OF PURPOSE.
I cannot say that Parnell ever impressed me as a man of exceptional talent. He was destitute of all constructive ability, and his strength lay in his extreme tenacity of purpose. About a week before his death he was talking to a friend about the situation, and he said, “It will take me several years to reconstitute my party, but I shall do it.”

MR. KENNEDY’S MESMERIC SUBJECTS.

A Curious Statement.

An interesting case has been investigated by the Bath magistrates. Charles Cooper, giving an address at Westminster, but who had been arrested at Southampton by a Bath detective, was charged with stealing from a Bath public-house a Gladstone bag containing various articles, valued at over £25, belonging to Edward Elliott West. Prosecutor, who described himself as a seafaring man, stated that he had been about in different towns with Mr. Kennedy’s subjects. Cooper was one of them. He first met with him at Bristol, and came from Portsmouth to Bath with him. Cooper there accompanied him to a public-house. Prosecutor fell asleep, and when he awoke Cooper and the bag were gone. Two days afterwards, when Kennedy’s subjects were leaving Bath for Southampton, Cooper at the railway station admitted taking the things, but jumped into a London train and got away. Witness alleged that Cooper was one of a number of men who travelled about with Kennedy, were planted in the audience, and pretended to volunteer for mesmerism. He had been paid for going on the stage. Cooper told him to do as he did and it would be all right, but he did not care about drinking castor oil and paraffin for £25 a week, which Cooper had to do. Witness stated that he went to the assembly rooms to Kennedy’s entertainment to look for Cooper, but was given back his £25 and asked to leave. Parnell was committed for trial at the quarter sessions. He pleaded not guilty, and said he wished to call as witness Mr. Kennedy and a man named Frank Bernard, who now could be found at the Grand Circus, Manchester. Bail was allowed.

THE SCANDAL ABOUT STREET ILLNESS.

In reference to the recent sad death of a barrister’s clerk in the Bear Yard Workhouse—to which he had been taken as drunk when he was really seriously ill—the Strand Board of Guardians have received a letter from the Local Government Board, in which the board states that, “after carefully considering the evidence given at the inquiry they are of opinion that, while it was much to be regretted that the nature of the deceased’s illness was not discovered till after his death, yet, taking all the circumstances Dr. Harris, the medical officer, may be acquitted of blame for having diagnosed the case as one of delirium tremens, though had he visited and examined the man on the day following probably the mistake would have been discovered. But, even supposing that it was a case of delirium tremens, Dr. Harris acted improperly in leaving it, after examination, unvisited by him for a day and a half. The board are of opinion that Dr. Harris was guilty of such gross neglect that they have had very considerable doubt as to whether they would be justified in allowing him to retain his office.”

ANOTHER MENACING LETTER CASE.
At Westminster Police Court, Frederick Cromer, alias Graham, who was stated to have been connected with a theatrical company in the capacity of sub-manager, was charged before Mr. Dr. Rutson with threatening and annoying his sister-in-law, Eliza, better Cromer, by ringing the bell, at his residence, 31, King’s-road, Chelsea, without lawful excuse. Mr. Adeney, solicitor, who prosecuted, said that the prisoner had done all in his power to injure and annoy his brother, who, for his own protection, was compelled to prosecute him for sending the threatening letters. After being committed for trial from this court at the beginning of the year, that offence and released (because of the prosecutor’s clemency) on his own recognisances to be of good behaviour. He was then remanded for trial at the Strand, where he was to be tried for the same offence, and had formerly lived in Charlotte-street, Portman-square. Prisoner carried on the business of a private inquiry agent, and had an office in the Strand. Witness had frequently seen him write, and identified the threatening letters already in evidence.—Mr. Sims: I believe in June, 1889, prisoner was in some trouble, and

In Holloway.

—Mr. Scarlett objected.—Mr. Sims: You will see the necessity for the question. You received some letters from him in Holloway?—Witness: Yes. (They were put in for the purpose of comparison.) Witness further deposed that he had seen the prisoner send letters in printed characters similar to one already in evidence of a menacing character.—Mr. Sims, with regard to one long letter put in for the purpose of comparison, said it was a communication from the prisoner to Dr. A. Malcolm Morris, who prosecuted him before. The peculiarity of the last batch of letters was that the prisoner seemed to have adopted Dr. Morris’s initials.—A. M. M.—Cross-examined: Prisoner gave him into custody once on a charge of stealing letters.—Mr. Scarlett: And forgery?—Witness: So he said. After he had locked me up he went to search my lodgings, and told the landlord he was a detective.—Re-examined: The charge which the prisoner preferred against him was refused by the police.—Annie Desmond, a witness who was examined last week, and who was the mother of the prisoner, said that the pieces were the draft of the letter to Mrs. Badcock. Prisoner never used to lock his room door when he went out. He never complained of things in his room being disturbed.

A DETECTIVE’S EVIDENCE.
Evidence was given by William William, a Scotland Yard det.-supt., to the effect that early in August he watched the house, 38, Kensington-road, where prisoner was living. One night he called disguised as a drunken man, and made certain inquiries, which found their way to the accused, who very shortly afterwards left the lodgings, telling his landlady that he was off to Brighton.—A man named William Lynch, formerly in the employ of the prisoner at a time when he was starting a “discount agency,” swore that all the red ink threatening letters were to the best of his belief, in Grant’s handwriting.—Mr. Sims put in a long letter addressed to the prisoner in August, 1887, the commissioner of police complaining of the conduct of a constable. The communication was brought forward only to strengthen the evidence as to handwriting, and attention was directed to the peculiarity that it was written partly in violet and partly in red ink.—Mr. Sims said a witness who would identify an important letter had stayed away, though he had received notice to attend. He would ask for a summons against this witness.—Mr. Dr. Rutson: And will that conclude the case?—Mr. Sims: As far as these charges are concerned. But I may say that inquiries are proceeding with regard to other important matters, quite apart from these letters, and these investigations

MENACING LADIES OF TITLE.

At the Westminster Police Court, the Dame, who gives the name of Charles Grant, and who is well-known by the alias of Le Grand, and as “French Colonial,” tall, military appearance getting him that nickname, was again placed in the dock before Mr. Dr. Rutson, charged with threatening to murder the Baroness Bolsover, residing at 13, Grosvenor-place, and Lady Jessie, the widow of the late Master of the Rolls. Mr. Sims prosecuted for the prisoner.—At the last hearing it was stated that the accused, who in June last completed a sentence of two years’ hard labour for blackmailing a doctor, went to live in the Kensington-road, whence, it is alleged, he sent out a number of letters to ladies demanding money, with menaces of a horrible nature. The daughter of his landlady has deplored to seeing the drafts of some of these communications in the room he occupied. A case of threatening an invalid elderly lady, named Baldock, who resides at 8, Grosvenor-place, was concluded last week, and the police then produced a quantity of gunpowder and an infernal machine, consisting of a cigar box, which was found at the prisoner’s last lodgings at Malden.

Lady Jessie deposed that on the afternoon of July 17th last she received the following letter:—

To Lady Jessie, 7, Grosvenor-place.
Madame.—Take notice, I do not give me the sum of £500 within ten days; I will dash your brains out by means that may prove highly fatal to those surrounding you.

Be not misguided by your advisers, who may, perhaps, tell you to apply to the police for protection. There is no time to apply to you than to pay the sum demanded, and you will not be able to do so, for the English detectives, who could not even find the man who murdered seven or eight women in the open streets in Whitechapel. If you look to protection from them, then you might as well look for protection from your dog.

I understand I must have the sum or I must remain in the attempt. I have addressed a similar letter to this ten persons. If you do not pay up I shall dash your brains, and you will then serve the others as an example, and they will see that I mean what I say; they will naturally then pay such a paltry sum than even themselves to cover their protection. Do not be afraid to do this, and you will be safe.

If you do not pay up, I will kill you with a revolver. No, madam, that would be madam’s work.

I shall use this cake of dynamite, or fulminate of silver, which could easily be placed under a door-mat upon which you have to step, under the cushion of your seat in church, so that immediately the weight of your body causes it to explode. By removing a brick from the wall of your house and filling the hole with dynamite or nitroglycerine, the greater part of your house, if not all, may be blown up. My means of carrying out my plan are more numerous than you would believe, and you have a poor chance of escape provided you do not pay what I have demanded.

If you comply with my demands, then insert in the *Times* this advertisement (within three days):—“M. A.—Will comply.” Then an address will be given to you where to send the money, or it may be fetched. Be careful how you act, and mark well that you play with your own life.—Awaiting your reply.

—Mr. Sims: I believe the letter was written on July 26th.

—No. 1.—Please insert this number in your advertisement.

Replied to by Mr. Sims, her ladyship said that she, on the advice of friends, sent the letter to Scotland Yard.—Harry William Pearce, butler to the Baroness Bolsover, of 13, Grosvenor-place, said that on the afternoon of July 17th last, a letter in red ink (produced) arrived by post for her ladyship. She opened it, and handed it back, with instructions to send it to the police. The letter to her ladyship was couched in terms very similar to the communications to other ladies already in evidence. She was directed to put “No. 4” against her advertisement, and warned that if she did not send the money demanded there was dynamite, “or a thousand other ways by which I may send you into an unknown eternity.” The concluding sentences of the letter were: “I hope, you will consider my request. It may be that one day I may be able to pay it back to you, only I must have it now. If you knew who I am I feel sure you would pity me, to see that I am in the half century produced, and he was more encouraged than he could express for the future of the art which he loved when he was the greatest number of young recruits daily catalogued of sources demanded by the refinements of the art. How difficult the actor’s work was, only the longest experience taught him. He was satisfied that more good plays had been produced within the last forty years than in the half century produced, and he was more encouraged than he could express for the future of the art which he loved when he was the greatest number of young recruits daily catalogued of sources demanded by the refinements of the art. How difficult the actor’s work was, only the longest experience taught him. 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LAST WEEK'S POLICE.

London County Sessions.—Appeals.

An ASSAULT ON THE POISON.—Albert Parish appealed against a conviction by Mr. H. J. Bushby, at Worship-street Police Court, and a sentence of twenty-four days' hard labour, for having assaulted William Luckford, 59, of the K Division. Mr. Macmillan appeared for the respondent; and Mr. Bunnis for the appellant.—On the evening of the 16th of June, P.C. Stott took a woman into custody in Great-street, Bethnal Green, for drunkenness. A crowd of some hundred people gathered round and interfered with him. He therefore blew his whistle for assistance, and sent for the ambulance. Luckford stated that on going to the assistance of Stott that the appellant kicked him on the back of the hand. For the assailant two witnesses were called, who stated he had only just come out of a cigar shop when arrested, and several others gave him an excellent character.—Mr. Bushby urged that the police had made a mistake, and that in the confusion of the moment the assailant had been wrongly accused of violence.—The bench affirmed the conviction, with costs.

ALLEGED CRUELTY TO A Horse.—William Thomas Williamson appealed against a conviction and sentence of two calendar months' hard labour, by Mr. Montague Williams Q.C., at the North London Police Court, for allowing a mare to be cruelly ill-treated.—The assailant is in business with his father, in the Green Lanes, and the only question at issue was whether he was aware that a certain mare had been permitted by his sanction, to be worked in a brick cart when suffering from sores, although unfit for labour.—The court without any hesitation allowed the appeal, but without costs.

A BETTING HOUSE TRANSACTION.—John Pearce appealed against a conviction by Mr. Curtis Bennett, at the West London Police Court, and a sentence of four calendar months' hard labour for having run a certain house, situate in the Mall, South Kensington, to be used for the purpose of betting, by persons resorting thereto for the purpose of backing horses, &c. Mr. Macmillan supported the conviction; Mr. Bushby appealed for the assailant.—The facts of the case were not disputed, but it was urged on behalf of the assailant that he had carried on business in the house as a tailor for many years, and that the bets were made by other persons. Under such circumstances, Mr. Bushby appealed to the court to mitigate the sentence.—After a number of witness had been called to character, the bench intimated they saw no reason to differ with the decision of the magistrate, and the conviction was affirmed with costs.

A FIRST OFFENCE.—Willie Finberg was indicted for having stolen from the person of George Lock a watch, value £5 5s. Mr. Hutton prosecuted; Mr. W. H. Lester defended.—It appears the prosecutor was at the Brown Bear public-house on the 21st September, and that he then lost his watch, which was proved to have been pawned the same day by the prisoner at a pawnbroker's in Whitechapel.—Prisoner was found guilty, but this being his first offence, he was only bound over to come up for judgment when called upon.

Guildhall.

A NAVVY BOY.—George Gruber is a saucy little boy of ten summers. On Friday night he was reconnoitring the neighbourhood of Long-lane, West Smithfield, and in so doing put his hands into the dress pocket of Miss Minnie Tonkin, from which he took a purse. P.C. Smith conveyed him to Snow Hill Station. When before Mr. Alderman Cotton he was in a filthy condition.—The boy's father said he could do nothing with him. He sometimes stayed away from home two months at a time.—The alderman demanded him to the union till Wednesday.

Mansion House.

WHAT A MISTAKE!—William Charlton, 70, a grey-haired, respectable-looking man, was charged, on remand, before Mr. Alderman Cowen, with stealing an overcoat, the property of Thomas Barker. Complainant is a mineral water manufacturer, of Queen-street, Hastings. On Tuesday evening he was doing with some friends in a second-class waiting-room of the Cannon street Railway Station. Prisoner was seen to approach the prosecutor, pick up the coat, slip it in the pocket, and then put it on, button it up, and walk hurriedly away. When stopped Charlton, assuming an innocent air, said, "Oh, I am extremely sorry; I thought the coat was my own."—In his defence prisoner denied the charge. He took the coat, he said, "by a mistake," and headed, "I should do the same again, under the same circumstances." It was stated that the prisoner was formerly a stockbroker's clerk, and had borne a good character over forty years.—Prisoner was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

West London.

ALLEGED BIGAMY BY A THEATRICAL AGENT.—Frank Arthur Page, a theatrical agent, was re-examined on the charge of intermarrying with Florence Manton, his first wife being alive.—The first marriage, which took place at St. Peter's, Eaton-square, having been proved, Florence Manton said she was married to the prisoner at Fulham parish church on the 1st of September last. She had known the prisoner between four and five years, and believed he was a single man.—The prisoner, who pleaded not guilty, was committed for trial.

THE COOK AND THE CHEQUE.—Mary Gwendoline Smith, 16, was charged with stealing and forging a cheque, the property of her mistress, a widow named Kate Reece, residing in Tolgarth-road, West Kensington.—It appeared that on Friday the prisoner went to the West Kensington branch of the South-Western Bank, in which her mistress had an account, and presented a cheque for £25 purporting to have been drawn by Mrs. Reece. The manager, observing that it was not in Mrs. Reece's handwriting, questioned her as to where she obtained it. She said the cook had given it to her to get cashed. Mrs. Reece was communicated with, and it was found that the cheque with the counterfoil had been torn out of her book, which was kept in a writing-case that had been broken open.—Mrs. Reece said the prisoner had been in her service since February last. She believed the cheque was in the prisoner's handwriting.—The prisoner, who said she was very sorry, was fully committed for trial.

North London.

DRINK'S KNOW HIS BUSINESS.—A young gentleman, addressing Mr. Mead, said he had looked into the law books and could not find any precedent for the application he was going to make, but he would ask his worship's advice on the subject. A friend of his had three valuable dogs. The next door neighbour to this friend was continually threatening to poison the dogs, and this caused his (appellant's) friend much anxiety. In fact, it was calculated to create a breach of the peace, and the application was that a sum might go for inciting to a breach of the peace. Mr. Mead: Are you a solicitor?—Applicant: Yes.—Mr. Mead: It is not usual for magistrates to give advice to solicitors. All I can do is to refer you to authorities. I know of no procedure to meet the difficulty, but there might be.—The gentleman retired.

Marylebone.

ROBBERT FROM A VAN.—Richard Walters, a roper, aged 24, was charged with stealing

an overcoat, worth 7s. 6d., belonging to H. Lawton, a carman of Little Guilford-street, Russell-square.—The prosecutor was driving along Euston-road on Friday night, and meeting a fellow-carman, he got down from his box, and leaving his overcoat hanging across a rail on his van, went to speak to him on some matters of business. While so doing, a stranger went up to the prosecutor and told him that some had stolen his coat and had gone up the road with it. Lawton went in the direction indicated, and overtook the prisoner, who was hanging his coat on his arm. He stopped him, and took him into the custody of P.C. 23 H.—The prisoner's defence was that he had had no food all the day, and was tempted to take the coat.—Mr. Cooke sentenced the prisoner to fourteen days' imprisonment.

THE CRASH OF A DOWNTON WOMAN.—Alice Julian, 43, appeared in the dock in the garb of some religious order, was charged before Mr. Cooke, on a warrant, with unlawfully assaulting and beating Miss Agnes Catherine Martyn, at 27, Ainger-road, South Hampstead. Mr. Fiske, solicitor, who appeared to prosecute, said the facts of the case against the prisoner were of an extraordinary character. For a long time past the prisoner had been annoying ladies attending the weekly communion at the Church of St. Mary the Virgin, Primrose Hill, and more particularly ladies connected with the Sunday school. Her idea, being it seemed, that she was charged with seeing that their moral character was above suspicion. He need scarcely say that there was absolutely no ground for any such suspicion. The prisoner had been very violent towards several ladies, and it was necessary that she should be restrained, for she had refused to promise to behave better. The prosecutrix said she resided at 27, Ainger-road, and was superintendent of the Sunday schools attached to the church of St. Mary the Virgin. She was making her way to early communion at the church when the prisoner met her, called her a prostitute, and struck her on the head. That took place on the church steps. Prosecutrix had not spoken to the prisoner, but she had heard of her, and knew who she was.—Charles Shaw, verger at the church, said he saw the prisoner at a quarter after 7 o'clock in the morning at the church. He also struck her in the face and head with his fist, saying he would murder her.—P.C. 126 K. said that he was called to take the prisoner into custody.—In answer to the magistrate, the witness said the complainant was bleeding from a cut on the eye.—Frederick King, 328 H., said that on the 11th of June the prisoner was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour for assault.—Mr. Dickinson sentenced him now to a month's imprisonment, with hard labour.

Lambeth.

NEGLECTING HIS CHILDREN.—Alfred Boyce, 36, described as a labourer, living in Sandcroft-street, Kennington Cross, was charged on a warrant for wilfully neglecting to maintain his three children, whereby they became chargeable to the parish of Lambeth.—Mr. Spencer, the rector of St. Mary the Virgin, said he had known the prisoner for many years, and her brothers were known to him. Miss Jullian attended his church, and seemed to have a grievance against every one he (witness) employed. She was jealous of them. The churchwardens had frequently received complaints from ladies of the prisoner's conduct towards them, she having called them names and struck them. He had shook her fist in the faces of lady Sunday school teachers, and called them names in the street. The prisoner had made a vow to God that she would protect the children from the influence and teachings of the bad women who teach them. She had also gone to the homes of the poor and had tried to dissuade them from sending their children to the school. Her brothers had offered to help her in a substantial way if she would go away out of the district, but she refused absolutely to do so.—Mr. Cooke asked if the prisoner was quite right in her mind, and the rev. gentleman replied that she suffered from hysteria. She had an intense hatred against nurses and institutions. The prisoner had attacked many ladies as they were going to church and accused them of being unworthy communicants.—Det.-sergt. Barrett, S Division, having spoken to the arrest of the prisoner, Mr. Cooke said he should remand her in order that a doctor might see her.

Worship-street.

IMPORTANT TO TRADE UNIONS.—Mr. Bushby gave judgment in dispute between a journeyman stonemason and his late employer, the question raised affecting the building and kindred trades. A man named Cates had commenced a member of a firm of stonemasons, having business premises in Worship-street for a sum of money for work and labour done. The case had occupied the court two afternoons, a large number of men in the building trade being examined to prove trade custom and rules, but the evidence was in many respects most contradictory. Cates, it seemed, had been employed as a mason on some repairs at Littlepage Church. When dismissed at the end of a week—the working week ending on Friday—he was offered his money at the rate of 9d. per hour for 574 hours, but refused to take it, though he had been paid the rate of 9d. per hour, and also claimed riding money 3d. overtime at the rate of time and a half, grinding money, and an hour's wages in lieu of notice. The dispute as to the 9d. per hour resolved itself into a question whether Cates was a mere mason, or a "mason's fixer." He alleged that he worked as a fixer by order of the foreman on the "job." With respect to the overtime at the rate of time and a half, it was said to have been done without orders, and that the men had gone on working instead of waiting idle, for the arrival of their money on a certain Saturday. The rule of the trade union as to overtime being counted as time and a half was not disputed, but the master's contention was that overtime could not be made without the orders of the master. In this case it was voluntary work. On the question of riding money, evidence was given that it was usual to allow it where the man would reach the master's shop quickly and save time. In this instance the master denied that any time was saved, and said that having thirty or forty "hands" he could not allow them to charge riding money at their own discretion. As to "grinding money," it was said to be the rule for the men's tools to be ground at the employer's expense or on his premises, but not to give the men money to get them ground. In this case Cates had been told he could leave his tools, which would have been ground in the usual course, but instead of doing so he took them away and sent in a bill for the expense of sharpening them. On the remaining point as to an hour's notice or payment, a number of journeymen, comprising builders' hands, foremen, &c., gave evidence pro and con, but those for the complainant, when questioned by Mr. Bushby admitted that they had not themselves ever given a master an hour's notice, and knew no instance of a journeyman doing it. A code of rules, said to have been drawn up and agreed to by masters and men at a time of a great strike in the building trade over twenty years ago, was put in, and whilst some witnesses declared they had been put an end to by a subsequent strike on the part of the men against them, others said some of the rules were still in force.—Mr. Bushby decided with respect to the claim for 9d. per hour, that it could not be maintained by a master, because he, at the request of a foreman, did "fixer" work for a short time. He disallowed that extra claim, and also the claim for riding money as being unauthorised expenditure. The claim for time and a half for "overtime" he allowed, as it was agreed to by the code of rules. The claim for grinding money was disallowed because the journeyman could not have the tools sharpened by the employer in the usual course. As to the question of an hour's notice, the balance of evidence was

against the man, and that claim was disallowed.—Judgment accordingly, with 10s. costs.

Thames.

STABBERS AWAY AT THE DOCKS.—Alfred Blake, dock labourer, was charged with unlawfully wounding Henry Gosling, a crane driver, by stabbing him in the arm, in the East India Dock.—Prosecutor said that while going to his work, Blake called him. Witness told him he did not wish to have anything to say to him. Blake then charged witness with having insulted him on the previous evening, and also said he had wanted to fight him. Witness then went towards him, when Blake unbuttoned his jacket, put his hand into his pocket, and pulled out the pocket knife produced. He opened the blade and then struck at witness's chest with it. He put up his left arm to defend himself, and the blade entered the muscles of the arm. Witness told the prosecutor he had not been to the railway porter named Harper since he was in the public bar of the Railway Hotel and saw Robinson and the prisoner there. Robinson had half a sovereign on the counter, and prisoner picked it up. The prosecutor asked for his money, whereupon Boyd said, "Come outside, and I'll give it to you." They went outside, but witness did not see any money pass, and he subsequently heard that Boyd had been locked up.—By the Bench. He thought the men were friends, and that the half-sovereign was given to him as a practical joke. Both men seemed to be sober.—Prosecutor said it was through not having a union ticket, and the prisoner said he would be ripped up if he did not get one.—Mr. Dickinson remanded the prisoner.

A CAUSE HUSBAND.—William Burgess, of Chiswick-street, Poplar, was charged with assaulting Honoria, his wife. A gentleman from the Associated Institution for the Protection of Women watched the case.—The complainant said that on Friday evening the prisoner was very much the worse for drink, and he struck her in the face and head with his fist, saying he would murder her.—P.C. 126 K. said that he was called to take the prisoner into custody.—In answer to the magistrate, the witness said the complainant was bleeding from a cut on the eye.—Frederick King, 328 H., said that on the 11th of June the prisoner was sentenced to fourteen days' hard labour.

THE PRACTICAL JOKER IN FINSBURY-HOUSE.—George Boyd, a millman, who appeared in the dock in his shirt sleeves and a blue apron, was charged with stealing half a sovereign belonging to Edwin Robinson, from the counter of the Railway Hotel, East Croydon. The prosecutor did not appear, but a railway porter named Harper stated that at 9 o'clock on the previous night he was in the public bar of the Railway Hotel and saw Robinson and the prisoner there. Robinson had half a sovereign on the counter, and prisoner picked it up. The prosecutor asked for his money, whereupon Boyd said, "Come outside, and I'll give it to you." They went outside, but witness did not see any money pass, and he subsequently heard that Boyd had been locked up.—By the Bench. He thought the men were friends, and that the half-sovereign was given to him as a practical joke. Both men seemed to be sober.—Prosecutor said it was through not having a union ticket, and the prisoner said he would be ripped up if he did not get one.—Mr. Dickinson remanded the prisoner.

THE JURY RETURNED A VERDICT.—The jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the defendant was remanded for fourteen days.

if they attended the branch meeting and gave an adequate reason. Defendant had not attended a branch union meeting for twelve months.—Defendant said, that when he went there he knew him about.—Mr. Kennedy thanked Mr. Wood for his attendance, saying he had cleared the matter up. He committed the defendant for fourteen days.

Croydon.

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Mrs. Platt that the fact of his allowing the body to be buried without an inquest was sufficient proof that her husband died a natural death. If anybody slandered her, her best course was to take proceedings against them.—The woman did not appear at court, and a reporter, who was present in court, thought he might be able to help her if he had an interview with her, and he was about to leave the court for that purpose when the officer attempted to prevent him. The result was that a struggle ensued between the officer and the reporter, which finally ended in the latter gaining his end. In a conversation with Mrs. Platt she was elicited that her husband died on the 29th ult. after a short illness, leaving her with seven children, the eldest being 17 and the youngest 2 years. Dr. Greenwood, who attended the deceased, gave a certificate stating the cause of death to be disease of the brain. The body, for convenience sake, was removed to the mortuary, but on Tuesday last, when the undertaker went to fetch the body, in order to proceed with the funeral, he was met by a mob of people, who, he said, prevented him taking it away. Mrs. Platt then went to the mortuary with him, and the body was taken round to the house, but just as they were about to start for the cemetery the deceased's brother arrived with a warrant from the coroner, and stopped the funeral. How the matter ended is stated above.—Mrs. Platt bitterly complained of the treatment she has received, and says that the publication of the report in question has been the means of her losing the monetary support of her friends.

FALL OFF A CART.—Mr. Langham inquired into the cause of the death of John Edward Penfold, 21, son of a carman, living in Water-gate-street, Deptford, who died from the effects of a fall. The father of the deceased said several weeks ago the deceased, who was employed as a carman, was driving a cart laden with bricks along Beresford-lane Deptford, when he fell head first of the cart and injured his head. Since then he had complained of pains in the head.—Mr. Richards, house physician, said the deceased died on Wednesday from inflammation of the brain, but he could not say if that was set up by the fall.—An open verdict was returned.

A PLUCKY OLD SOLDIER.—Mr. A. Braxton Hicks, held an inquest at the Star and Garter, Church-road, Battersea, into the circumstances attending the death of Edward Richard Lindsey, aged 55 years, lately a carriage cleaner in the service of the London and South Western Railway at Clapham Junction.—It appeared from the evidence of the widow, Mrs. Mary Ann Lindsey, Speke-road, Battersea, that her husband went to work as usual on the 16th ult. and on his return he complained of feeling very ill. He said that an engine had knocked him down on his side, but that he would soon feel better. He added that he had often been knocked down, and had always got over it. He had been in the 2nd Battalion of the Coldstream Guards, and had a pension. On the 17th ult. he saw a doctor, and as he did not get better, he sat witness at the end of the month to draw his money at the office of the railway company.—Mr. Burk, superintendent of the wagon department of the London and South-Western Railway, stated that the deceased absented himself on and after the 17th ult. He sent no excuse, but at the end of the month witness received a letter from him to the effect that on the day in question he had been cleaning the inside of a carriage when the engine which was shunting them at the time, took off its brake, the effect of the sudden shock being that he was thrown on to one of the seats. He added that he hoped soon to be at work again.—Dr. McManus, St. John's Hill, Wandsworth, said that he attended the deceased from the 17th ult. to the time of his death. He had since made a post mortem examination, which, besides other internal injuries, revealed that four ribs on the right side were fractured. The deceased, being an old soldier, had a great contempt for what he considered minor injuries. He was very anxious to get back to work, and witness believed that was the reason he had refrained from complaining to the company. Death was due to pneumonia set up by the injuries.—The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

FATALITY AT A PAWNBROKER'S SHOP.—At Guy's Hospital, an inquest was held by Mr. Arthur Langham, touching the death of Albert Edward Constable, 19, a pawnbroker's assistant, late of High-street, Borough.—Albert Englefield deposed that he and the deceased were employed at Messrs. Blizard and Portlock's pawnbrokers, of the above address. About half-past six on the evening of the 26th ult. witness told deceased to light the gas jets over the shop. Shortly afterwards he heard a boy say that a man had fallen down, and on going to the street door he saw the deceased, lying on the pavement. Mr. Portlock was called, and the deceased was then conveyed to the hospital. He was wandering in his mind, and he said that he had a faint idea of holding the gas pipe when it gave way, but thought the statement was uttered in a delusion, as a gasfitter had since examined the pipe and found it to be intact.—P.C. J. Stevens said that on examining the gas pipe he found it was broken down at one end and was tied up with string. He thought the deceased might have possibly overbalanced himself in attempting to light the gas. The jury returned a verdict of accidental death.

DEATH OF A FOREIGNER IN LONDON.—Mr. Wyatt held an inquiry relative to the death of Paulo Ferrioli, 50, a chocolate manufacturer, and a native of Switzerland.—Batista Ferrioli, who is employed at a restaurant at King's Cross, identified the body as being that of his uncle, who had no other relatives in England. Witness was much surprised to hear of his death, as he had no idea that he was in England.—Ernest Baratta, a waiter at Gatti's Music Hall, Westminster Bridge-road, stated that he had known deceased about five years. Witness last saw him alive about half-past 8 o'clock on Wednesday night. Then he came to the hall, and informed witness that he had just arrived from the continent. He shortly afterwards left.—Alfred Hill, of 73, Kennington-road, stated that about half-past 10 o'clock on Wednesday night he was walking along the Westminster Bridge-road, near the Palace-road, when he noticed deceased, who was in front, suddenly stagger and fall to the ground. Upon going to his assistance he found blood issuing from his mouth and nose. P.C. Charles Jenner, 66 L, was at once called, and conveyed the deceased to the hospital.—Dr. C. Wymar deposed to receiving the deceased on the body, which showed that death was due to a cerebral hemorrhage.—The jury returned a verdict in accordance with the medical testimony

THE PEOPLE
MIXTURE.

Influenza is re-appearing in New York.

There were last week eight cases of suicide in the metropolis.

The average number of eggs in the roe of a herring is 30,000.

There were 2,075 births and 1,336 deaths in London last week.

We received during September £4,336,192 gallons of water from the Thames daily.

Last week 223 deaths in London were attributed to diseases of the respiratory organs.

Forty-six deaths were attributed to different forms of violence in the metropolis last week.

The turbot, which produces as much as 10,000,000 of ova, is the most fertile of the flat fishes.

There is a public-house not far from Bridgeton Cross, Glasgow, which is worked on the co-operative principle.

Influenza is still with us. The registrar-general reports that there were last week two deaths in London attributable to this cause.

At the Mansion House Police Court Alfred Orford was committed for trial for stealing a cheque for £50 from a letter-box in Fleet street, and he will have to answer another charge of stealing a cheque for £20.

Riches may on the whole be hurtful to the man who possesses them, but we still meet with men of weak finances and iron constitutions who are ready and willing to undertake all risks.

A woman in Springfield, Mass., who is but 84 years of age, is a grandmother. She was a mother at 17, and her daughter is now a mother.

There is an immense stock of game in Windsor Great Park this season, and the covers on the royal domain are literally swarming with pheasants.

When it is seen how carefully Captain Kidd's alleged treasure is still being sought on Oak Island, Nova Scotia, one is forced to the conclusion that there really is something in a name after all. Captain Kidd certainly managed to baffle posterity.

Why is it that the coming man so seldom arrives? Why, also, is it that the going man puts in a further five years with "farewell appearances"? These be things that puzzle the proverbial Quaker, also the Shaker; likewise plenty of people who neither shake nor quake as a matter of faith.

Bottenheim, the American bank robber, is supposed to have concealed some £4,000 in a stump somewhere in Illinois. Since then, says the *Detroit Free Press*, "the search has been going on so vigorously that it is feared there will be no stumps left for the next political campaign."

Sir Andrew Clark is evidently no lover of the female postal clerks, who were, he said in the course of a University extension lecture the other day, "despoiled of the natural grace, gentleness, and courtesy of their sex, and transformed into smart, loud, rude, and vulgar creatures."

A metropolitan branch of the National Skating Association has drawn up a scheme for a championship meeting. The distance will be one mile, and the badge will be open for competition to all amateurs residing within twenty miles of Charing Cross.

Near Stratford-on-Avon, a Midland goods train, travelling from London to Bristol, left the rails on the East and West Junction railway, and the permanent way was damaged. The line being a single one, traffic was completely blocked. The service between Stratford-on-Avon and London and Northampton, via Blisworth, was disorganized.

All the principal continental papers contain comments on the meeting of King Humbert with M. de Giers at Moudre. In Paris the belief prevails that the object was to place before the Russian chancellor documentary evidence calculated to convince him of the strictly defensive character of the triple alliance. In St. Petersburg, however, it is thought that the matter considered was the relations between Italy and Russia.

At Hanley a fitter named John Garside, living at Tunstall, was charged with having caused the death of his wife. It is alleged that the prisoner, whilst drunk, was remonstrated with by his wife for having pawned her shawl, whereupon he jumped out of bed and threw her downstairs. She had three ribs fractured, and one of them penetrated the lung. The poor woman died on the 11th inst. in great agony. The accused was remanded in custody for a week.

A family quarrel, which had a fatal result, occurred at Mount Pleasant, a colliery district near Crook, West Durham, on Sunday night. A young man named Spence, who lived with his stepfather and mother, got out of bed to act the part of peacemaker between his sister and mother, who were quarrelling. Another sister, who either had a large knife in her hand at the time, or snatched one from the table, also interfered, and, in the struggle which followed, Spence was stabbed so badly in the side that he died 21 hours afterwards.

Croydon boasts of a dairyman with an English name and an Irishes of the fitness of things. One of his cows broke into a neighbour's garden, and feasted on potatoes and green peas, for which he was called upon to pay damages. In due course he was asked by the county court registrar if he had any witness to call for the defence. "Yes, I have," replied the dairyman. "Where is he?" queried the judge. "He's dead, worse luck!" replied the dairyman, who was forthwith mulcted in the sum of half-a-crown for the cow's illegal repast.

About £500 is required to defray the expenses of a private Act of Parliament for the purpose of restoring Lincoln's Inn-fields to the condition of an open space for the benefit of the public. Upwards of £500 has already been received, promises of support are to hand, and, if the people themselves assist according to their ability, there is every reason to expect that an obsolete restriction upon the enjoyment of a beautiful pleasure-ground will soon be swept away. Mr. Lloyd, county councillor, 15, Chepstow-place, W., has charge of the fund.

Dr. George Danford Thomas, coroner for the central division of the county of London, held an inquiry at the Paddington Coroner's Court, concerning the death of Mary Jane Byrne, 55, a widow and charwoman, late living at 22, Swinbrook-road, North Kensington, who died at St. Mary's Hospital from injuries caused by her falling from a second floor window, after having been recruited and threatened by Owen Leonard, a carpenter, with whom she cohabited. The facts were published when Leonard was charged at the West London Police Court. The jury returned a verdict of manslaughter against Owen Leonard.

An exciting incident was witnessed in the busy thoroughfare of the Old Kent-road, a school for girls superintended by Mrs. Shone. While the classes were in full progress, fire suddenly broke out in a cupboard, and in a few seconds the rooms, filled with pupils busy at their lessons, were black with smoke. The number of about thirty, comprising children, in the room, the annual show of chrysanthemums in the India Temple Gardens will be opened to the public, by permission of the banchers, on Monday next. The exhibition this year will be held in two new and commodious greenhouses situated at the bottom of King's Bench Walk, and Mr. John Newton, the head gardener, will have on view a collection of plants upwards of 700 plants. Of this number

afterwards ascertained that the missing girl was safe, having escaped with the others.

Mr. Samuel Plumoll has been taken seriously ill at his residence in Park-lane.

Few animals can boast of so many good points as the porcupine.

The German Emperor is no longer a young shaver.

"Heat generates motion"—except when applied to suffering humanity.

The puppy that gets milk thrice a day is reared in the lap of luxury.

During September Londoners consumed on an average 188,143,177 gallons of water daily.

Radical politicians, like sailors, believe that wind has a wonderful effect on their canvas.

That theory without practice is of no use may be gleaned from any doctor whose clientele is several sizes smaller than he wishes it to be.

There are more than 2,000 Smiths in the London Directory, and this is exclusive of the Smyths, Smythes, and other fancy varieties of the stock.

Negotiations are being carried on with a view to the purchase of a large quantity of corn direct from the United States by the Randolph's strictures on the Boers.

The Bishop of Lichfield is to place a memorial window in the chancel of St. Mary's Church, Levensham, to his brother, the late Earl of Dartmouth.

In England the average sum due to each depositor in the savings bank is £14 0s. 3d. in Ireland, £18 13s. 8d.; while in Scotland it falls to the insignificant figure of £3 13s. 10d.

We understand that the Chancellor of the Exchequer will address the London Chamber of Commerce on the "metallic reserve question" early in November.

Captain Paterson, of the Glasgow Fire Brigade, has adopted a special form of portable telephone, which the corps carries with it on all occasions.

The Birmingham City Council has adopted the report of a committee in favour of obtaining a supply of water from Mid-Wales, at an estimated cost of six millions.

As Joseph Hamilton, who had resided at Alexander-road, Hornsey, was passing East India Dock gates, Orchard House, Blackwall, he was observed to stagger and fall. A few minutes later he was found to be dead.

There were in the United States in the census year 586 farms, with a total of 163,831 acres, devoted exclusively to seed growing, of which 96,507 were reported as producing seeds.

"The profession," says the *Law Times*, "has become thoroughly reconciled to the fact that any and every qualification except learning and experience justify a selection for the bench of the inferior courts."

At the London Sessions, a sentence of twelve months' hard labour was passed on Henry George, a well-educated man, for embezzling £224 belonging to his employer, a mantle-maker in the Borough.

Nearly the whole of the west coast of South America is supplied with Peruvian petroleum.

New companies with large capital have recently been formed to work the petroleum beds, which are said to cover an area of 7,000 square miles.

The relations between the Kaiser and Prince Bismarck are said to have recently improved. A certain understanding appears to have been arrived at now that the ex-chancellor has definitely abandoned the idea of returning to his old post.

The letters, postcards, book packets, circulaires, newspapers, and parcels passing through post last year numbered 2,023,957,950. This means about seventy postmen's visits to every man, woman, and child in the United Kingdom.

The number of officers on the permanent establishment of the Post Office is 63,808, of whom 8,877 are women; and about 54,000 other persons are employed, more or less on Post Office work, of whom about 18,000 are women.

At a Parnell meeting at the National Club, in Dublin, a Mr. Dixon declared him self ready "to fight alongside of the Orange men of Ulster against ecclesiastical tyranny and against any sham measure of Home Rule."

Through the Post Office Savings Bank, a shilling's worth at a time, is anybody thinks it is worth while to do so. There were 631 investments and 1,223 sales of amounts under £10 last year.

Mrs. James Evans, of Vanceburg, Kentucky, has made a strange confession. She has told the story of a tragedy near that place on the 24th ult., which resulted in three deaths.

She says that her son-in-law, Carr, killed his sister, Mrs. Rose Burrows, and his wife, and that she (Mrs. Evans) then killed Carr.

At a meeting of the Portsmouth Musical Festival Committee, a letter was read from Sir Henry Ponsonby announcing that the Queen had consented to grant her patronage to the opening concerts proposed to be given during WhitSunday next year in the Town Hall.

The value of the personal estate of Mr. Thomas Blackburn Baines, of St. Ann's Hill, Burley, Leeds, formerly the editor of the *Leeds Mercury*, and lately a preacher in the Community of Plymouth Brethren, who died on the 3rd of August last, aged 59 years, has been sworn at £45,455.

The disturbances among the Siberian convicts working on the construction of the new railway are more serious than was thought and are not yet quelled. Instances of desperate murders on the one hand and of cold-blooded cruelty on the other are reported.

The sum of £3,516 12s. 7d. has just been received by the secretary of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution from the editor of the *Yorkshire Post* as the result of an earnest appeal made by him in the columns of his journal on the 9th ult. on behalf of the institution, which at the present time is much in need of help.

Subscriptions amounting to nearly £600 have been received to a fund in recognition of the labours of the Archbishop of York as Bishop of Lichfield. It has been arranged to place the archbishop's portrait, by Mr. Hubert Herkomer, R.A., in the episcopal house at Lichfield, and to present his grace with a replica as a personal gift.

A company has been registered for the erection of an Eiffel tower and a winter palace at Brighton. It is stated that the project includes the erection of "an Eiffel tower and other buildings, and the carrying on of the business of caterers for public amusement and refreshments, in connection with such tower and buildings." The capital of the company is announced as £210,000.

Sir G. Trevelyan's position on the eight hours' question has been thus stated:—He will support a bill for the purpose of establishing an eight hours' day in coal mines, but he would certainly not support any such proposal with reference to any trade in which there was not a very great and decided preponderance of opinion in the trade itself.

The annual show of chrysanthemums in the India Temple Gardens will be opened to the public, by permission of the banchers, on Monday next. The exhibition this year will be held in two new and commodious greenhouses situated at the bottom of King's Bench Walk, and Mr. John Newton, the head gardener, will have on view a collection of plants upwards of 700 plants. Of this number

several of the Japanese varieties are quite new specimens.

There were 77 deaths last week in Edinburgh.

There are only 68 paper mills in Scotland, but there are 1,443 in Germany.

No less than £47,000,000 were last year transmitted by money and postal orders.

A man deliberately shot himself with a revolver in the Stephen Ward at Guy's Hospital. He had been an inmate of the institution for a considerable time, and had just received his discharge. How he became possessed of the revolver is a mystery.

Loyal addresses to the Austrian Emperor, congratulating his Majesty on his escape from the recent attempt at Rosenthal, have been voted by Fethi and various other towns in Hungary. That from the capital was handed by a large delegation to the Premier, Count Szapary.

Mr. Stanhope, addressing a meeting at Sutton, Lincolnshire, said, as a consequence of inquiries made by the War Department,

straining to be rid of the sweating system in the work done for that department. The speech had been taken to put an end to the practice of sub-contracting.

Mr. George Cubitt, one of the oldest of Mr. W. H. Smith's friends, has been appointed executor of his will. It was Mr. Cubitt who finally persuaded Mr. Smith to stand for Westminster in 1865, but the only yielded on the express condition that he was to be styled a Liberal-Conservative candidate.

The other night a man took off his overcoat and jacket and jumped into the Thames just opposite the City of London School. Two men searched with the drag for more than an hour without success; but the body was subsequently found close to the spot whence the leap was made.

A New York correspondent states that very heavy weather was encountered by the Umbria in crossing the Atlantic, one lady dying from excitement caused by the storm.

In future the kilted Highland regiments are to be supplied with seven yards of tartan per man for kilts, instead of five, as hitherto.

It is not true that the late Mr. Parnell ever had cancer in the stomach. What he had suffered from at times was an abscess on the liver.

Joseph Nimo was shot and killed in Fairburn, Georgia, by his son, St. John Nimo. The son was teasing some younger children, and the father protested. This led to a quarrel.

Two aldermen, both of Queenhithe Ward, were, when elected to the chair, younger than the present Lord Mayor elect. Alderman Venables was younger by three years and Alderman Rose by two years.

The cod produces from 2,000,000 to 3,000,000 eggs, the total from about 1,000,000 to 4,000,000, the haddock from 200,000 or 300,000 to 1,000,000, the saithe from 4,000,000 or 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 or 8,000,000.

The War Office has issued orders for the companies of the Army Service Corps, gathered some time since at Aldershot for the work of the autumn manoeuvres in Hampshire, to disperse during the present week to Portsmouth, Woolwich, Chatham, and Devonport, all the troops having now been withdrawn from the neighbourhood of Peterfield.

The same honey of Gozo, though seldom seen in this part of the world, has a widespread fame for its delicious flavour. This is due to the "sulls" or red clover from which it is sipped by the bees. To collect one pound of the honey the insects must visit the flowers 3,750,000 times and rob at least 60,000 clover-heads of their tiny supplies of nectar.

A convalescent home on a large scale is now being built at Parkwood, Kent (near Swanley Junction), for the reception of 120 patients, who will be gathered from the principal London hospitals, the majority of which have no convalescent home of their own. The building, which stands in fifty acres of ground, is the gift of Mr. Peter Reid, who gave £100,000, and an anonymous donor, who added the sum of £50,000.

The German Emperor and Empress and all the princes and princesses of the Royal family now in Berlin and Potsdam, will attend divine service at the Friedens-Kirche, at Potsdam to-day (Sunday), being the anniversary of the late Emperor Frederick's birthday. At the end of next week the Emperor, and probably the Empress, will pay a visit to the Prince and Princess Stolberg at Wernigerode, in the Harz Mountains.

There would seem to be a prospect of a new park adjoining Peckham Rye being speedily acquired by the authorities and thrown open to the public. Negotiations have been opened with the freeholders, and of the £51,000 needed it is stated that the Camberwell Vestry has voted £20,000, the London County Council £18,000, the Charity Commissioners £12,000, Lambeth Vestry £4,000, St. George's (Southwark) Vestry £250, and the Newington Vestry £250.

The Duke of Norfolk has consented to officiate at the formal opening of the new Conservative Club at Dorking. The day has not yet been fixed.

There are indications of a slippery winter this year. The Florida orange crop is estimated at from 3,000,000 to 4,000,000 baskets.

For thoroughness of purpose the lady who insisted on black tea because there had been a funeral in the family takes a lot of beating.

The Rev. J. H. Copeland, vicar of Offwell, near Honiton, while hunting with the Axe Vale Harriers, was thrown from his horse in a jump, and sustained severe internal injuries.

Afterwards, it is reported, whisky will be weighed by American Government inspectors.

This will give the American whisky drinker a chance to know how much he can afford.

The Duke of Ailesbury is suffering from a plague of rats. The voracious rodents feed on the young rabbits and the eggs of the pheasant, which they suck so neatly that the bird is left sitting on empty shells. Scarce a young pheasant is to be seen this year, when in a past year they were in thousands.

At a meeting of gentlemen connected with Glasgow University it was decided to entertain Mr. Balfour, when he visits Glasgow to deliver his address as Lord Rector of the University, at a banquet in St. Andrew's Hall, on November 20th.

The Chancellor

URF, FIELD, AND RIVER.
BY LARRY LYNX.

parties of this article should remember that the opinions and suggestions expressed therein are given upon the relative merits of the horses engaged and special information concerning them. All bets and wagers should be made subject to horse racing, and any sudden alteration in the market against a horse should be taken as a warning. The only unbroken has happened in connection with the horse which affects the opinion held by "Larry Lynx" prior to going to press.)

Not since the memorable year when the

Cambridgeshire, subsequently won by Hack-

ney, was postponed on account of a pitiless gale

wind and rain that burst over Newmarket

with unrestrained violence, had such a

year of gloom and storm been known on the

market as that on which the

Newmarket Second October meeting was

augmented. The whole afternoon was a

terrible hurricane symphony. Commencing

at racing and stealthily discovered every vulnerable

part in waterproof-clad humanity present,

the storm went from piano through

seconds stages up to an *agito* and *fortissimo*,

pitch, and man, horse, and everybody

who had forgotten on that open tray of

sport were presented in the light of so many

upsets as sport for the elements. Yet

regular habitude of sport held at head-

quarters did not fail to muster in goodly

numbers, from the Prince of Wales and

the Duke of Cambridge downwards, and, more-

racing, of which there was an over-

abundance—there being nine events on the

card—not allowed to pass away without

the development of a startling sensation.

As it came in the Champion Stakes, which

as usual, only produced a small field, but it

was sufficient to deal backers a heavy blow.

It was only in accordance with the eternal

laws of things that the Cambridgeshire

favourite, Signorina, after her brilliant

victory at Manchester, should start

with odds betted on her in what must

be considered a public trial for the last

of the big handicaps run at headquarters.

She came through the ordeal in igno-

rious fashion cannot be gainsaid by all

that she showed lamentable lack of stamina

Tuesday, so her Cambridgeshire chance,

which looked so rosy a fortnight ago, now

seems valueless. In every way the race was

tremendous surprise. In the first place,

Signorina, who was saddled at the Ditch

ables, was positively beaten filly from flag

to post. Fred Webb, who rode her and put up 1lb.

overweight to do so, afterwards declaring

that Signorina could not raise a gallop. As

matter of fact, she lacked the fire and re-

solution we saw her evince at Manchester;

she could not be induced to take hold of her,

and she was never in the hunt.

In the grand place that disappointing horse, Orion,

in public form upside down by turning the

heels on his Goodwood conqueror, Orvieto,

the sprawled badly down the hill from the

ashes, and left the race to be desperately

ought out between Orvieto and Bell Demonic.

The latter looked like winning, but Orion,

laughing on through the dirt, stayed him,

and won by a short head,

with Orvieto a bad third, and Signorina,

scarcely able to crawl past the post.

It is possible that the Cheva-

Ginistrello's filly would not face

the blinding storm, and under different

weather auspices may give a better account

of herself in the Cambridgeshire, but take

how we will the outlook is a poor one for

backers for that race.

As a contrast, Blue Green, who had not been

seen on a racecourse previously this season,

showed just as good a Cambridgeshire public

in the Lower Stakes as Signorina

had a bad one in her race. After being given

long rest Blue Green made a remarkably

successful reappearance. Always a handsome

colt, his rich-coloured coat had all the King-

der polish on it, and right gallantly did

he dispose of Cuttlestone, Rievred, the

dark little Ceres, Father Confessor,

and the big raking Henry VIII.

These Cambridgeshire claims to land

at £10,000 he was backed to win must now

reckoned as so much Dead Sea fruit.

Blue Green won in a common canter, and

immediately after his victory, he came

to favour for the Cambridgeshire, favour

which increased after Orion had won the

Cambridge Stakes. Still, it will not do to

overestimate his triumph, and it must not

be forgotten that Reverend was giving him

100, and Ceres 100, with a year thrown in

for must Cuttlestone's successful bid for

second place be looked over, as in the

Cambridgeshire Blue Green has to give him

100. Thus, these two races throw consider-

able light on the sister handicap to be raced

on the 25th inst., for which I now strongly

recommend Cuttlestone.

Turning now to the minor events of Tues-

day, the moderate Zembla in the Royal Stakes

disposed of Koorail, the disappointing

runner to Semolina; and Prince Hampton,

though unequal to winning the Flying

Victor, accomplished something smart when

he came second to Godwit and Red Enamel,

of whom he was presenting 27lb. Godwit,

however, showed himself possessed of a

real turn of speed in this race, was

as quick to jump into his bride as

and, fairly cutting that sprinter down,

the finish won very comfortably from Red

Enamel. The Selling Plate over the

course had its result fore-

seen by the betting, as Shemmer, Mistral,

Detective, the first three favourites,

made in the order I have written their

names, and after the success of the two-year-

old Shemmer was bought in for 500gs.

In the time-honoured Clearwell Stakes we saw an

another place yet another race to the credit

of Mr. Noel Fenwick, and most handsomely

the big raking Henry VIII.

These

Cambridgeshire

claims to land

at £10,000 he was backed to win must now

reckoned as so much Dead Sea fruit.

Clearwell won in a common canter, and

immediately after his victory, he came

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able light on the sister handicap to be raced

on the 25th inst., for which I now strongly

recommend Cuttlestone.

The Middle Park Plate day was favoured

with bright and cheery autumnal weather. It

will always be remembered as a red letter day

in the racing calendar of 1891 on account of the

splendid victory gained by Ormonde's best

Orme. This magnificent colt, showing

but little traces of the tremendous fight he

made in the Lancashire Plate with Signorina,

won his race from the time the flag fell.

He was assisted by his stable companion, Poly-

plot, and the field behind him included

El Diablo, Gantlet, and St. Angelo. This

quartette finished all in a cluster, and a table-

cloth would have covered the lot. Orme,

however, won with ridiculous ease, and in a

style which suggests that he is a thorough-

bred race of the very highest distinction.

He is the worthy son of a mighty sire, and

if he keeps sound and well and exhibits no

sign of paternal infirmity, from which,

so far, he has been free, he may

emulate the deeds of the unbeaten Ormonde

by gaining the triple crown next year.

It is said that the Duke of Westminster

doubts if he ever owned so good a two-year-

old as Orme. If that be so, the duke is in

indeed a lucky man, for the don in the land of

the Argentine will, if Orme fulfills his early

promise, bid more for the son than they gave

for the sire. Orme will go into winter

quarters a hot favourite for the Derby, but I

would remind readers that winners of the

Middle Park Plate have been singularly un-

fortunate when contesting the "blue ribbon

of the turf." Since The Eake won the

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SPORTS OF THE PEOPLE.

(The Events of the Week up to Thursday, Night will be found in "Larry Lynch's Article.")

RACING. NEWMARKET SECOND OCTOBER MEETING.

THURSDAY.

THE BUNTY STAKES.—Adoration, 5st (M. Cannon), 1; Katherine II, 5st (G. Watts), 2. Two ran. Betting: 6 to 5 on Katherine II.

A TWO-YEAR-OLD PLATES.—Galoche, 5st 1/2 lb (G. Woodburn), 1; Cambal, 5st 1/2 lb (Fages), 2; Hunting Queen, 5st 1/2 lb (M. Cannon), 3. Eleven ran. Betting: 6 to 1 agst Galoche, 10 to 1 agst Hunting Queen. Galoche played capitally, making breaks of 100, 100, 95, and 91. Mitchell made a break of 50 in the afternoon, and at night his best run only amounted to 18. The scores at the close were: Dawson, 6,908; Mitchell, 2,912.

THE HAZARD STAKES.—Riviera, 4st, 5st 1/2 lb (Blake), 1; Aurora, 5st (P. Chaloner), 2; Red Enamel, 5st (G. Allsopp), 3. Twelve ran. Betting: 6 to 1 agst Riviera, 7 to 1 Red Enamel, and 100 to 6 agst Aurora.

THE MIDDLE PARK PLATE of 500 sovereigns, added to a

a sweepstakes of 30 sovereigns each, Bredby Stakes course.

Lord of War, 5st 1/2 lb (M. Cannon), 1; Cambal, 5st 1/2 lb (G. Woodburn), 2; Hunting Queen, 5st 1/2 lb (M. Cannon), 3. Eleven ran. Betting: 6 to 1 agst Galoche, 10 to 1 agst Hunting Queen. Cambal played capitally, making breaks of 100, 100, 95, and 91. Mitchell made a break of 50 in the afternoon, and at night his best run only amounted to 18. The scores at the close were: Dawson, 6,908; Mitchell, 2,912.

W. J. PEALL V. J. NORTH.

For the present week North was chosen to oppose

Peall in a series of spot-barred games, and at the

action in Catherine's room, the consciousness

of a high-class character,

and the crowded state of the room has borne ample

testimony to the attractiveness of the entertainment.

Considering it was his first engagement this season,

Peall gave an admirable display; indeed, it is not too

much to say that he has given a game of chess to greater

men in his class. In spite of the fact that Peall was quite at his best, North succeeded in placing five of the first six

games to his credit, making, among other large breaks

one of 292. On Thursday, however, he fell off somewhat in his play, and Peall, 10 to 1, won the last six

games, and to the tune of 40, 49, 79, 57, 34, and 33

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